

pen pressure

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pen pressure

by [souhiyori](#)

Summary

George notices Dream doodling on the back of his hand, and asks him if he'll draw on him, too. Dream agrees, and they quickly notice how sensitive George's body is.

(or: dream draws on and tickles george, a lot, and they both get off on it.)

Notes

I just really really wanna tickle george.....obviously..... sorry if theres mistakes! i proofread pretty lazily lol

Pls note tht all of the intimate parts are completely consensual, though George does say "stop" a lot while being tickled at first, and Dream doesn't listen (just for the tickling though! because thats....how tickling goes lol). this isnt non/dubcon at all, but if that makes you uncomfortable, please be wary and maybe don't read <3 tism

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Something that George could only learn about Dream after moving to Florida, is that he writes a lot of things down. Things that other people their age would usually type into their notes app on their phone, Dream will, more often than not, jot it onto some paper or a post-it note.

Their fridge is riddled with them; scraps of paper held on by magnets with things they're running low on, to-do lists, things he has to remember. Sometimes they're useful things like that, but a lot of the time George will just find paper laying around with random words or phrases on them in Dream's terrible handwriting. He's got this pad of sticky notes, and every day the older man knows he's going to find at least one new one stuck somewhere around the house.

It's quite endearing, actually, despite how ugly George thinks the neon yellow of the sticky notes are. He enjoys finding them and trying to make out whatever it is that Dream had scribbled down. A lot of it is nonsense to him; stuff written so hastily he can't tell what the letters are meant to be, or odd out of context sentences that would only make sense to Dream himself.

His favourite, though, is when he finds doodles. He loves walking into the kitchen and seeing an envelope on the table, probably something important, but the corner is riddled with messy little drawings. He's watched him, a couple times, from the doorway, looked on quietly while Dream is on the phone, leant against the counter and aimlessly doodling on some paper while he talks.

Paper isn't the only thing Dream writes on, though. The back of his hand almost always has something smudged on it; dates and times, ideas he's had, just anything that his brain had thought of spontaneously while he's not close enough to some paper.

While he does write important things there, George has found that most of the doodling Dream does ends up on his skin. Little smiley faces, trees spanning the whole back of his hand, fake rings drawn around his fingers, anything.

"Won't you get, like, ink poisoning?" George had asked one day, the first time he had seen Dream pick up a pen and start drawing on himself.

Dream had only laughed quietly, looking up at him and shaking his head before turning back to doodling.

"No, that's not a real thing. Or, it is, but you won't get it from drawing on yourself."

He knew that, of course. George remembers getting told off by teachers in school for writing on himself, stating that the ink would ‘get into his bloodstream’ or something. That never made too much sense to him, though, because it’s not like he was injecting it into his veins or anything. Still, seeing someone draw on themselves still brings up those memories.

Another thing that he only could've learned about Dream by sharing the same space as him, is that he likes being together. George thinks he’s kind of like a dog or a cat, in the way that Dream will usually end up in the same room as him, no matter what he’s doing. It’s not like Dream is following him around or anything, George assumes it’s more out of instinct rather than on purpose, but he will often just come into whatever room George is in and just sit there with him while they both do their own thing.

He enjoys it, it’s comfortable and chill, not too different from how they’d often sit for hours in silence in voice calls when George was still in the UK. It’s cool to work on whatever he’s doing, and be able to look over and see Dream sitting in the same room, also working on his own stuff. It’s a habit he’s found himself picking up, too. Without thinking he’ll make his way to Dream’s office while he’s editing, or into the kitchen and just mess about on his phone while Dream is cooking.

It’s nice. A gentle, welcome sort of affection that doesn’t overwhelm him. They may not be ‘hanging out’, but they both seem to enjoy it, just vibing in the same room, so they rarely find themselves apart. It feels good to be able to just *be* together, when for so long they were stuck so far apart.

That’s why George isn’t surprised when he hears Dream knock on his door, cracking it open a little and peeping his head in. He looks over, pulling his headphones down to his neck and swivelling a little in his chair.

“Hey, you alright?”

Dream pushes the door open properly, stepping inside. “Yeah. What are you doing?”

“Uhh,” George turns back to his computer. If he’s honest, he’s been doing a whole lot of nothing. He’d sat down at his desk with the intent to actually get stuff done today, and in his defence he *does* have both Photoshop and his video editing software open on his taskbar. That doesn’t mean he’s made much progress, though.

“Editing?” Dream walks over to the desk, resting a hand against the back of George’s chair as he looks at his screen. He snorts a short laugh when he sees the screen open on a Discord chat. “...or not. You said you were gonna edit.”

“I was going to! I just got distracted!” George huffs, moving his mouse to click open his editing software. “See, I started.”

Admittedly he hasn’t got very far, as is evident by the bland looking timeline on screen, but at least he’s done *something*. He’s been sitting on this footage for weeks without the motivation to do anything with it.

Dream pats him on the shoulder. “Great, you only have-” he leans forward a little, squinting at the screen. “-three more hours of footage to go through!”

Resting his elbows on his desk, George buries his face in his hands and groans. Editing is his least favourite thing to do, and cutting down another three hours into something watchable? Sounds like hell, if he’s honest.

Letting out another laugh, Dream lifts his hand away, and George turns slightly to look at him. He watches as Dream moves to sit on the ground next to his chair, on George’s right, resting his back against the leg of the desk and crossing his legs. He shuffles a bit to get comfortable, then looks up at George with a smile. George quirks a brow.

“What?” Dream asks, pushing up his hoodie sleeves to his elbows.

“Are you, like, supervising me or something so that I do it?”

“No, no,” He pauses, seemingly considering. “Well, actually yeah, I’ll make sure you get stuff done.”

George makes a face, turning back to his screen. “That’s weird, having you *watch* me. I don’t like it.”

“I’m not *watching* you, I’m *supervising*. What, you think I can see the screen from down here?”

He shakes his head, and pulls his headphones back up to his ears. “Whatever.”

Maybe it’s the added pressure of having someone there to judge him, but he does actually find it easier to concentrate now that Dream is in the room. It’s still not *fun*, hearing his own voice back is always strange, but he falls into a rhythm.

People have told him to hire an editor, and sometimes he considers it. Editing takes time and is boring as hell, but he’s really not sure about sending the raw footage to someone else. It seems embarrassing, giving someone else all the awkward pauses and his mess ups.

Despite Dream saying he was going to make sure he did some work, he ends up being more of a distraction. George hears him snicker lightly, before his phone dings and lights up next to his keyboard. He doesn’t pay it any attention, but it dings again, and again, and Dream’s giggles get louder until George pulls his headset off of one ear.

“I thought you wanted me to edit?”

“Check twitter!”

“Why, what’d you do?”

Dream just snickers some more. “Check it, check it, it’s funny.”

He does, clicking open his phone and looking at his notifications. Dream is quiet for a moment while he waits for him to see it, before bursting back into laughter when George sputters out his own.

“Oh my *god*. Why would you say that?” He tries to scold, but he can’t keep the massive grin off of his face.

“Reply! Reply to it, it’ll be funny, do it.”

“With what?! I don’t- oh wait, I know!”

He types out and posts his reply, and they fall into laughter together. They watch the chaos that is their mentions for a bit, before Dream tells him to get back to work. He sets his phone back down and starts up again, but barely even five minutes pass before it’s lighting up again.

“Stop, I’m right here, you don’t have to text me stuff.”

“No, it’s a meme, you gotta look at it for it to be funny.”

George groans. “Make your mind up! Do you want this video to ever get done or not?”

Dream leaves him alone after that, and he gets back into the swing of it. He ups his volume a little, trying to drown out the sound of Dream’s thumbs tapping against his phone screen, and his occasionally little huffs of laughter at whatever he’s reading.

The video is pretty good, if he’s honest with himself. He wishes he didn’t have to cut so much out - there’s way too many inappropriate jokes and language than Youtube would allow to be monetised - but even without it, he’d say it’s pretty solid.

He gets lost in it for a while, until his phone chiming with a text snaps him out of it. Checking the time, he decides he’s done enough to justify a break, so he tabs out of the software and reaches his arms up above his head, stretching out his shoulders. He turns his head to look at where Dream is still sat on the ground next to him, pulling his headphones off and placing them on his desk. Dream’s phone now lays forgotten next to him, and instead he’s sat with his left hand in a fist, close to his face, with a pen in his right. He twists his wrist a little, absently clicking the end of the ballpoint pen, before bringing it down and drawing around his knuckle.

“What’re you drawing?”

Dream’s head whips up, startled. “Oh, god, you scared me.” He turns his hand so George can see. “I dunno, just following my bones and stuff.”

George nods. The back of Dream’s hand is covered in black ink; lines outlining where his bones would be, following his tendons, around his knuckles and joints. It looks pretty badass, George

thinks, like a cool skeleton. He watches Dream unclench his fist, stretching out his fingers, and sees that he's drawn over those too.

"Woah, that's weird."

Dream puffs a laugh. "*Weird* ? What d'you mean, weird?" He brings his hand back to himself, shading in a little part on his thumb.

"Weird as in it's cool. It's, like, trippy." He spins in his chair to properly face Dream, bending down and reaching out to grab his wrist. "Give it here, let me see."

He tugs at Dream's arm, pulling it closer so he can see. Dream ends up with his arm awkwardly crossed over his own torso, straining to reach. George pays him no mind, though, bending down further at the waist and moving to hold Dream's left hand in both of his own. He rubs his thumbs gently across his knuckles, tracing the ink lightly so as not to smudge it. The lines are impressively steady, and from up close he can see the attempt at shading he's done around the joints.

"Wait, that's so cool, do it on me?" He looks up from Dream's hand to his face, seeing how he's grimacing slightly at the pull on his shoulder. He lets go of his hand, straightening himself up again in his seat.

"Yeah? I can, if you want." Dream pulls his arm back, placing both hands on the ground to shuffle and turn so that he's sat in front of George properly. "Gimme your hand."

George holds his right hand out, and Dream guides it so he's resting it on his own knee. He leans forward, left hand laying lightly on George's wrist, while his right elbow rests on George's other knee for support. He brings the pen up, ready to start, before stopping and looking up.

"You want a skeleton like mine? Or I could do something different if you want something else?"

George looks down at where Dream's hand is placed over his wrist, noting how much paler his own skin is. He spots how that one prominent freckle on Dream's finger perfectly fits between two lines he's drawn.

"I like how the skeleton thing looks, but you can do what you want."

Dream hums in acknowledgement, looking back down at George's hand. His hand holding the pen hovers in the air for a moment, seemingly contemplating where to start, before he decides on just above George's pointer finger knuckle. He brings the tip of the pen down, starting a line, but George immediately snatches his hand away, pulling his arm into his chest and scratching at the spot with his other hand.

"Woah, what?"

"That feels weird!" He stops his scratching and looks at where there's a thin line of ink running across his knuckle.

Dream laughs, grabbing his wrist and pulling it back into position. "Look, you knocked me." He licks at his own thumb, then rubs it against the ink to try and erase it.

"Ew! What the hell, get your spit off me!"

"Shut up, stop moving."

He wipes at the wet skin with the palm of his hand, drying it, before positioning his pen again. George winces in preparation, tensing as he waits. As soon as the pen touches his skin again, he squirms, trying to twist his hand in Dream's grip.

"Stop, stop!"

Dream lifts his head, confused amusement on his face. "Dude, what's your problem?"

"It tickles!"

His eyebrows furrow. "It's a *pen*, it doesn't tickle. Stop being a baby."

The pen meets his skin again, and he lets out a pitiful little squeak. It *is* just a pen, but for some reason it's making him feel all itchy. The light drag against the back of his hand has him holding

his breath, fingers clenching. He tries to tug his hand away again, but Dream's grip on his wrist stops him.

"Dream, Dream, stop, it tickles!"

He feels Dream's grip slacken a little and he quickly snatches his arm away. He lets out a deep breath, relaxing now that the feeling is gone. He watches as Dream sits up straight, hands dropping into his lap as he lets out a groan that sounds somewhere between frustrated and entertained.

"Oh my god, you're so annoying, what the hell is wrong with you?"

"It *tickles*!" He repeats.

He's not really sure *why* it tickles; he's able to draw on himself no problem, but having someone else do it feels like way too much. He guesses it kind of makes sense though, since you can't purposefully tickle yourself either.

"It doesn't!"

"Give me the pen, let me do it to you and you'll see."

As soon as he's handed the pen, he grabs at Dream's unmarked hand. His eyes flick between his hand and face as he starts lightly doodling a little spiral on the back of his hand, watching intently for his reaction. Dream just stares at him, quirking a brow and trying to hold back a smirk. He doesn't twitch even the slightest bit.

He tries moving the pen to the spaces between his knuckles, and when that still doesn't work, he goes to his wrist. He makes the pressure as light as he can, but still, Dream just looks at him unphased. After letting him do his thing for a while, Dream yanks the pen back and pulls his hand away. George pouts.

"Okay, no, you have to be pretending or something. Surely that tickled you?"

"It literally didn't tickle at all! You're such an idiot."

George runs a hand through his hair, annoyed. “You’re lying, it must’ve.”

“I’m not! You’re just a pussy!”

He sighs. “I hate you.”

Dream clicks the pen a few times, seemingly getting impatient. He holds out his other hand, moving his fingers in a beckoning motion. “Come on, hand out.”

“No.”

“What? Don’t be a wimp.”

George holds his hands up close to his chest, protectively. “No, ‘cause it’s gonna tickle, and you’re gonna make fun of me.”

Rolling his eyes, Dream reaches up and grabs his hand. He tries tugging at it, but George tenses, not budging. George attempts to give him puppy dog eyes, trying to make him let up, and it seems to work a little because Dream’s gaze softens.

“Oh c’mon, it’s not that bad.” He tugs again, sighing when George still doesn’t move. “Gimme your hand. I won’t make it ticklish.”

“It’s gonna tickle anyway.” George hesitates for a second, before giving in and letting Dream guide his hand back down to his knee.

His heart rate has quickened a little, and for that he’s embarrassed. It’s literally just a pen, but the weird feelings on his skin and Dream’s teasing has his anxiety spiking. It’s not even that it’s *awful*, just that the adrenaline and unfamiliarity to his senses has him feeling on edge.

Dream shuffles, uncrossing his legs to instead sit up on his knees, resting back on his heels and bending down a little to focus. George tenses when the pen is brought close to his skin again, and

Dream snickers a little.

“It’s not gonna hurt you, George.”

“I *know*.”

His eyes snap shut on their own accord when he feels the pen touch his skin, and he sucks in a sharp breath. He does his best to keep still, trying to think of anything other than the feeling of the ballpoint gliding across his skin. It’s impossible to ignore though, and his wrist twinges.

“Hey, keep still.”

George cracks an eye open to glare at Dream where he’s on the ground. “It’s not my fault. Do it, like, firmer or something.”

“I need to go lightly to get thinner lines, though.”

Despite his words, the next press of the pens tip is a little firmer. George stutters on his breath as he feels it trace around his pointer finger knuckle, then up his hand to stop by his wrist. The change in pressure helps, if only slightly. It still feels weird, and when the pen glides over the sensitive skin at the juncture of his thumb, he shivers.

He grits his teeth, doing his best to bare it for as long as he can. It obviously doesn’t hurt, doesn’t even feel that bad, but even with his eyes screwed shut and body rigid, he feels like all of his senses are heightened.

Every line drawn feels like so, so much, his nerves feel like they’ve been set alight. He wants to wriggle away, wants to scratch at it until it settles down, but Dream’s hold on his wrist is unyielding, keeping him still. It’s uncomfortable, it tickles so bad he feels like he can’t breathe. He wants to move, to kick his legs out and shake his head, but if he did then he’d surely end up with a messy line through all of Dream’s work. When the pressure lightens up, he involuntarily lets out a whine.

“It’s alright, look,” Dream’s voice is quiet, gentle, as if he’s not the reason George’s body feels so wrong right now. “I’ve done, like, half of it already.”

George blinks at that, looking down at his own hand. Dream lets his wrist go, allowing him to bring his hand closer to his face to see his work. It looks awesome already; Dream having finished his thumb, pointer finger, and part of his middle finger already.

“Wait, that’s sick.”

“Right?” Dream grins, holding his own hand out. “Anyone would think I’m actually tattooing you, with how tense you are.”

He places his hand in Dream’s, letting him get back to work. His breath hitches as he starts up again.

“Shut up, it feels weird.”

“One time, when I was bored in class,” Dream starts, ignoring the way George’s breathing is getting more pitchy as he uses a lighter pressure. “I spent ages doing this on my hand, but we still had time before class ended, so I drew, like, bones and stuff all the way up my arm.”

He’s shading around his knuckle, close to the webbing between his fingers, *way* too gently, and George can’t help but twitch his fingers. “Your teacher didn’t yell at you for not listening?”

“Eh, they didn’t care, I never listened anyway. It was math, I think.”

Dream’s other hand comes to hold onto George’s fingers, prying them apart so he can draw along the sides of them. George whines again, knee bouncing as he tries to force his fingers back together, but Dream just holds him tight.

“Stop, that’s too tickly!”

Dream just draws a line, light and slow all the way up the inner side of his finger, smiling as George’s hand twitches and he complains. “Stop being a wuss.”

“That’s not even part of the skeleton! You’re just doing it now to be annoying!”

He’s ignored, and his shoulders raise up to his ears, cringing at the sensations. Even from how Dream’s head is bent, George still notices the way the corners of his mouth quirk up at every little shiver through his body. Of course, George thinks, of *course* Dream would find it funny to torment him like this. Of *course* he’s taking joy in George’s discomfort.

The line is drawn all the way up, Dream tilting George’s hand when he gets to the tip of his finger, and back down the other side. He can’t help the high pitched noise he makes when the pen tickles right between his fingers, and he scrunches his nose up. He wants so badly to rub his fingers together or scratch at them to try and get rid of the feeling, but all he can do is twitch in Dream’s grip. That feels so *weird*.

Dream tuts at him, a smile wide on his face. “You’re gonna smudge it.”

“Stop doing unnecessary things, this isn’t even part of it!”

He’s relieved when Dream lifts the pen once more away from the sensitive skin. The relief is short lived, though, when he instead moves to turn George’s hand over so his palm is facing up.

“No, no, no, don’t even.”

Dream only snickers, holding his fingers firmly so George can’t pull it away. He brings the pen back down, and starts a horizontal line at his wrist, right under his palm. He traces the crease in his skin from left to right, and oh god, that feels even *weirder*. His breath hitches; he’s breathing pretty shallowly, but he can’t fix it no matter how hard he tries.

When his line gets to the other side, he goes back over it, slower and lighter. When he reaches the center of George’s wrist, he starts drawing up his arm, gently outlining over the veins visible under his pale skin. His fingers attempt to flex again, but Dream is holding him too securely for it to do anything.

He doesn’t know how long he can handle this. The longer it goes on, the less connected he starts feeling to the world around him. It’s odd, how just the tiniest of touches can make his body feel so out of it.

“Dream,” He mutters, for no reason in particular. His shoulders tense even more as Dream shades in over his vein.

“You’re doing good, George.” His tone is half mocking, half genuine, and he looks up to make eye contact. His other hand moves up to hold George’s wrist again, tight and unyielding, and he starts doodling light swirls up his inner arm. “Don’t move, okay?”

He’s clearly stopped caring about making it look pretty at this point, George realises, as his arm is slowly being covered in uneven squiggles. He does his best to not move, but it gets harder and harder the further up Dream goes, and he ends up breaking eye contact to press his face into his own shoulder.

A little wobbly flower is drawn just under his inner elbow, and he can’t stop his whole body from squirming in his seat. Dream just holds his arm out, too firm, not letting him get away as he doodles purposefully lightly. It’s way too close, way too sensitive, and George bites at his lip hard to try and stop a strained wail. It doesn’t fully work, and he ends up letting out a little closed-mouthed scream.

“Dream, stop it stop it, stop,” He pants out, trying hard to wrench his arm out of Dream’s clutch and failing.

He only gets laughter in response, and he whines again. He brings his free hand up to push at Dream’s, trying to flatten his palm and fingers over his own skin to stop him. Dream just bats him away each time, giggling as he tries to draw through the spaces George’s fingers don’t quite cover.

It becomes way too much, his breathing is getting shallow, so he reaches with shaky fingers and snatches the pen out of Dream’s hand and holds it high above his own head.

“No more! No more!” George’s voice is a little shaky as he tries to let his body relax.

Dream is still giggling, but makes no effort to take the pen back. “You’re such a little wimp! It’s so cute, you looked like you were gonna cry.”

“What the hell, you’d think making me cry is cute?” He pouts, though not truly angry. He tries again to free his arm, but to no avail. “Let go of me!”

“No.” Now that he doesn’t have the pen to torture his arm with, Dream chooses to start dragging his pointer fingernail ever so delicately up his arm. He gently traces around George’s inner elbow, right where it’s most sensitive, and George gasps out, writhing again.

This is worse than the pen, somehow. Using his own fingers, Dream is able to control the pressure more, and George really thinks he *might actually* cry if this keeps up. His toes curl, it’s so weird. Dream’s grip moves from his wrist again back to his hand, and George shuts his eyes to brace himself when he feels Dream hold his fingers out straight so he can’t close his fist.

He brings his motions down the length of George’s arm until he gets to the palm of his hand, and when he starts brushing lightly right in the center, George can’t handle it anymore. He yelps, dropping the pen on the ground and desperately trying to hit Dream’s hand away, kicking his feet out to hit Dream’s legs.

“*Dream!* Dream, Dream, stop it, stop-” His voice is high pitched and strained. His eyes screw shut on their own, and he’s shaking his head side to side, not knowing what to do with himself.

He kicks at Dream’s leg again, harder this time, and he finally lets up, removing his hands from George’s skin. George immediately brings his arms up close to his chest, lifting one leg so that his foot rests on his chair and his knee is up, curling in on himself.

“Oh my god, you’re so squirmy!” Dream laughs at him, and George takes a moment to gather himself.

He’s glad it’s over, but something about the dull way he can still feel Dream’s touch has him kind of missing it. His arm and hand feel itchy and prickly where Dream’s pen and fingers had brushed his skin, and his heart is beating hard in his chest, but the adrenaline feels *good*. Everything feels oversensitive, but it’s weirdly *nice*.

“Shut up.” He tries to sound mad, but he opens his eyes up again and sees Dream’s massive grin, and he can’t help but smile a little too. “You’re the worst.”

Dream laughs, hand reaching out to touch George’s propped up ankle. He laughs harder at the way George flinches.

“Are you super ticklish everywhere?”

“No.” There’s no point in lying, he knows, but he does anyway.

He feels Dream’s fingers grip loosely around his ankle, fingers rubbing at the fabric of his jeans. He flinches again when Dream slips a couple of fingers under the hem, grazing lightly over his skin.

“Well that’s a lie, then.”

“It’s not.” A weak protest. “Don’t.”

“Aw, come on, it’s fun.”

The fabric is rolled up a couple inches, and nails start to drag ever so lightly across the exposed skin. His toes curl around the chair, and he shudders when Dream’s touch gets a little too close to his foot.

“If I end up kicking you in the face by accident, it’s your own fault.”

Dream’s other hand comes up to rest over George’s other knee, thumb rubbing gentle circles over the fabric. The hand at his ankle squeezes it for a second before letting go and continuing it’s ticklish movements. “I’ve got quick reflexes.”

For some reason unknown to himself, George lets Dream continue dragging his fingers up and down the small portion of his leg that is exposed. It’s an odd feeling; he doesn’t think anyone has actually touched him there before. It’s not as unbearable as how it felt on his arm and hand, and for that he’s grateful. He plays with his own fingers idly, just watching as Dream does whatever he wants, tensing and making little noises every now and then when he brushes over a particularly sensitive area.

“Your legs are so white.” Dream teases. “I actually wouldn’t be surprised if you said you’d never worn shorts out before.”

“You’re weird.”

The hand on his knee is removed, and George tilts his head a little to watch as Dream holds his ankle firmly. His now free hand comes to the inside of his ankle, and he traces his nail around the joint. *That* feels a lot closer to how it felt on his arm, and George stutters on a breath.

Dream notices, and George can't stop an embarrassing whine when he feels light fingertips grace lower, over the arch of his foot.

"I'll kick you." George warns, voice barely a breath.

The hand on his ankle squeezes again. "No you won't."

He goes to respond, but Dream touches there again, and his body jolts. It's so, so ticklish, his toes curling and uncurling on their own as if that'll help. What leaves him instead of words is something between a yell and a laugh.

"*Ha-!* Ah, no," He tries to speak, but Dream pays him no mind. The hand on his ankle moves him the tiniest bit, tilting his leg so that he has better access to the inside and underneath of George's foot. "*No, no, no, no no no no!*"

His leg tries to jerk outward, failing with how firm Dream's grip is. He distantly hears Dream snickering from his place on the floor, but he doesn't have a chance to feel salty about it, because Dream's fingertips just keep working over the sensitive skin. He's unable to stop himself from laughing.

"Sto- *op!*" He manages around breathless laughter.

"So you *are* ticklish everywhere?" The smug tone in Dream's voice makes George want to hit him, but all his body is able to do right now is twitch and giggle under the assault on his senses.

He tries to say 'no', to say *anything* that'll get him to stop, but Dream seems to take George's gasping laughter as cue to continue. He hugs himself, arms crossed on his chest and hands grabbing at his own upper arms, body shaking and unsure what to do with itself.

George, remembering back, thinks that he probably hasn't been properly tickled in over a decade. Kids used to do it to each other at school, sure, but once he became a teenager, that sort of roughhousing play stopped. He was never too touchy with others, preferring his personal space.

Maybe that's why he's this ticklish, why he has this little control over his body; because he's never been a very physical person.

The hand at his ankle pulls, and George's body feels too weak to stop him, so he lets Dream guide his leg back down so both feet are back on the floor. Once it's down, he places his hands on George's knees, pushing his legs apart and snuffling closer, settles on the ground in between them. He looks up at him, smiling.

"Your face is so red!"

"Of course it is," George defends. "You're tickling me!"

The hands on his knees slide up his legs, slowly, until his palms reach his hips. "Your laughing is funny, you get all high pitched and weird."

"I don't *want* to be laughing."

He shivers when he feels fingers slip under his t-shirt, brushing just above his hip bones. Here feels kind of nice, he thinks. The position Dream is currently in and his hands on him would usually be perfect, usually George would be squirming for different reasons, so maybe that's why when Dream tickles him right at the most sensitive part of his waist, he doesn't hate it. Maybe that's why the giggly whine he lets out is a little louder, a little more desperate sounding.

It's a lot. Dream's either a professional at knowing how to tickle people, or George is just embarrassingly reactive, because he's fidgeting in his seat, laughing so loud and continuously that his stomach starts to hurt.

His arms instinctively come down, trying to cover himself and he groans when Dream easily pushes him away.

"No, no hiding!" The smile is audible in Dream's voice.

"*Dream!*"

He tries again to push him away, but Dream pulls a hand out from beneath his top to grab at his wrists, keeping them together and holding George's arms out of the way. George yanks, trying to free himself, but his arms feel like jelly and he can't.

Continuous, high pitched laughter is pulled from him as Dream's hand still under his shirt travels higher to tickle at his ribs. George arches his back, trying to get out of the way but instead just pushing into the touch. Fingers dig lightly between his ribs, then back down to his waist. His sides are so, so sensitive, Dream knows this, and George feels tears prick at his eyes. He yells out when he feels the touch ghost over his stomach.

His own voice is loud in his ears, but he hears Dream giggling, too, and when he looks at his face, it's clear that he's enjoying himself with how wide he's smiling.

"No more, no more," George pants out, trying to give Dream a look to signify he's not joking.

It either doesn't work, or Dream doesn't care, because Dream only laughs more, sitting up higher on his knees and pulling George's arms up. The hand on his stomach moves up his side, brushing his ribs for a second, before attacking his armpit.

At that, George *shrieks*, arms flailing in Dream's grip, desperately trying to lower to hide himself, but to no avail. His arms are just yanked up higher, and he's left writhing in his seat with no escape. No more than a few seconds of this, and the tears gathering in his eyes start to spill down his cheeks. He's never felt this out of control of his body before, has never had his senses feel this sharp and electrified. He throws his head back against his seat, whining through pained giggles.

"*Please*, Dream," His voice is jittery. Dream's fingers travel slightly higher to his under arm just above his armpit, and it's too much, his back arching. "*Mercy! Mercy, please please, please-*"

All of a sudden, it stops, and George slumps back into his seat. His arms are let go, and he brings them to his chest, closing his eyes and dropping his head to hang down. He takes a deep breath, body still jittery, and tries to calm down. Dream is still snickering quietly.

"You good?" He asks, the slight concern in his voice being mostly overpowered by amusement.

"Shut up, you suck."

He feels hands on his waist again, this time over his top, and he flinches. His eyes flick open and his head snaps up, and he hates the way that Dream seems to get more and more enjoyment out of every reaction George's body makes.

"Relax, I'm not tickling." True to his word, his hands stay a firm pressure as he rubs at George's sides, soothingly. It's still kind of a lot, his body feels on edge right now, even non-ticklish touches setting little sparks through him.

"You suck." He repeats, but lets his body relax. It was so much when it was happening, but now, as he catches his breath, the way his heart is thudding and the way his skin is buzzing, it feels sort of *good*. He's tired, but in a nice way, and Dream's hands on his body sure aren't making it any worse. He smiles when the hands at his sides squeeze slightly.

"You're so cute, I can't believe you're that ticklish."

"How is that *cute*? You're a weirdo."

One of Dream's hands moves to hold one of George's own, thumb rubbing gently over George's knuckles.

"Your laugh! And you wriggling around a lot, and blushing. And your yelling is always funny."

He huffs, but brings Dream's hand up to his face anyway, and kisses his knuckles. "I hate you."

Dream smiles at that, but quickly furrows his eyebrows. "Wait, you're *crying*?"

"What?" George wipes at his cheek with his other hand, and feels the slight wetness. "No, it was just overwhelming..."

"You're adorable." Dream's face relaxes, looking fond. He removes his hand from George's and moves to cup his cheek, thumb rubbing gently just under his eye. "I don't know why I haven't done that before. Tickling you is fun."

"Fun for you, maybe." He leans into Dream's hand, comfortable. It's true he hadn't exactly found

it fun at the time, but he thinks that maybe he might enjoy it under slightly different circumstances.

“Super fun, actually. I wanna do it again.” He watches Dream’s lips quirk up, notices how his face looks a little bit pinker than usual.

The feeling of being tickled like that, unprepared and stuck in his chair, it had shaken him. It had blanked his brain and made him more alert at the same time, overpowering and panicking him. But now, thinking of it in hindsight, the thought of Dream holding him down and dragging his fingers across his oversensitive body, torturing him and making him shake... that does sound pretty fun.

He scrunches his nose at his own thoughts. It must be the warmth of Dream’s palm on his face, the comforting press of Dream’s hand on his waist, because surely he isn’t so pathetic as to want to be tickled again, right?

“No way.”

“Awh, you’re no fun.” The hand on his waist pulls back a little, thumb rubbing slowly, as if teasing more tickles.

“No!” George warns. “It’s not fair, you’re not ticklish, so I can’t get you back.”

Dream removes his hands from George’s body, and George watches him as he attempts to get up. Having his knees bent for so long must’ve taken a toll, because he wobbles the slightest bit as he stands. George swivels in his chair, following Dream’s movement as he steps back to sit on the edge of George’s bed, just behind his desk.

He rests back a little, arms behind him on the mattress, and he stretches out his legs. He rolls his ankle, and George cringes at the loud *click*.

“I’m ticklish, you just gotta catch me off guard.” His feet drop back down. “When I know it’s coming, I can, like, turn it off.”

“How does that work?”

“I dunno, I just focus, and I don’t feel it.”

George chews at the inside of his cheek. “To me it feels even *more* tickly if I know it’s coming.”

“Yeah, because you’re a little scaredy cat.”

“Whatever.” He stretches his arms out in front of himself, rolling his shoulders, before looking down at the ink on his skin. He’s nearly forgotten that it was the reason this started. “This was good, until you ruined it with all this.” He points to the mismatched swirls trailing up his arm.

Dream hunches forward, resting an elbow on his knee and stretching out his other own inked hand. “We match.”

George extends his arm too, so their hands are next to each other. He smiles; they do match, and it does actually look pretty cool. The ink on George’s is a little smudged in some places, understandably so from all his fidgeting and Dream’s grabbing, but he’s still impressed with how straight the lines are. He kind of wants to take a picture.

“Can I take a photo?”

“Yeah, go for it.”

He swivels around to grab his phone off of his desk, unlocking it and opening the camera. When he turns back around, Dream is still sat there with his arm out, waiting patiently. He flexes and curls his fingers a few times, seemingly watching the way the movement pulls his skin and warps the ink.

George leans forward and places his hand out next to Dream’s, his thumb almost touching Dream’s pinky. He lifts his phone, trying his best to get both of them in shot. Just as he’s about to take the picture, Dream moves, pulling back before lacing their fingers together. He pulls a little, squeezing George’s hand, and George just smiles, taking the photo.

“I can’t post that, Dream.” His voice is soft, fond, and he squeezes back.

“Well, I mean, you *could*.” Dream reaches out with his other hand, snatching George’s phone from his grip. He looks at it for a second, tapping on the screen, dodging when George leans even further forward to try and get it back

“No, don’t you dare!”

He snickers, locking it and tossing it across to the other side of the bed. “Chill, I wouldn’t.”

“You absolutely would.”

“Maybe. It’d be funny.” He tugs on George’s hand, and George almost falls out of his seat at the force. “Come up here.”

George watches him pat his lap with his other hand. “Why?”

“Wanna tickle you some more.”

He tugs again, harder, and George has no choice but to stumble forward out of his chair, his free hand landing on Dream’s shoulder to steady himself. He narrows his eyes down at Dream.

“Why do you want to tickle me so badly?”

Dream shrugs, hand reaching out toward George’s waist and pulling him more towards him. “I dunno. It’s fun. I like getting a reaction out of you.”

“You’re such an idiot.” George shakes his head, but follows Dream’s lead anyway, moving closer and up onto the bed, knees either side of Dream’s thighs. He settles on his lap, untangling their fingers and placing both hands on Dream’s shoulders.

Dream lifts his hand up between them, wiggling his fingers teasingly and smiling. “Can I?”

His body is completely calmed down by now, the lingering feeling of Dream’s attacking fingers gone. His heart is no longer hammering, his breathing steady once again, the overload on his

senses forgotten. That must be why George finds himself mimicking Dream's sweet smile, looking to the side, seemingly thinking, before looking back. He never could deny Dream of anything, could he?

"...If you promise I won't fall."

Hands are immediately on his hips, firmly tugging him closer. "I've got you."

The way Dream manages to make him feel so safe while threatening him at the same time confuses George, but he doesn't dwell on it too long, instead opting to duck down for a kiss. It's slow, gentle, and he smiles into it when he feels the hands on his hips squeeze.

He pulls back after a moment, bumping their noses together. He likes looking at Dream's face this close; a little blurry from the proximity, but if he focuses real hard, he can see all the details in his irises. Like this he can see how Dream's light eyes slowly get darker toward the center, and the few little speckles in them. He can notice the ever so faint dusting of freckles just under his eyes, barely visible from a distance, almost like a secret part of Dream that only he can see. He wonders if Dream feels the same way about any part of George's own face, if there's a part of him so miniscule, only visible up close, that Dream looks at and thinks about tenderly.

His eyes follow the corners of Dream's lips as they quirk up, watching how his cheeks lift and his eyes squint a little.

"Take a picture, it'll last longer." Dream teases, and George fights back the urge to roll his eyes.

"You wouldn't let me."

"Yeah, probably not." He tilts his chin up, voice soft. "Come back."

He connects their lips again, and George lets himself melt into it. Kissing Dream is easy, so easy to fall into and get lost in. It's easy to lose track of time, lose track of what he's doing, easy to just feel Dream's hands on his body and twist his own fingers in Dream's hoodie. He's always easily distracted, and kissing Dream is probably the easiest way to get him to forget whatever was previously happening.

The startled yelp he lets out against Dream's mouth makes sense, then, when he feels fingers

gently slip under his top to dance along his sides. He tries to pull back, but Dream follows him, biting down gently on George's lip so he can't pull away. He twists his body, knowing he can't get away from the feelings but trying anyway. He feels a little stupid for already forgetting about it.

"Nnh," He manages to twist his head to the side, forcing Dream to instead press firm kisses to his cheek.

"Hmm?" Dream questions, and George can feel him smiling against his skin.

One of Dream's hands lowers to tickle over his hip bone, while the other rises higher up his shirt to his ribs. George doesn't know which direction to move in, body squirming side to side on its own as he tries and fails to hold back little giggles. His noises must egg Dream on, because his fingers move faster, and George tips his head back, gasping on his breath. He feels his abdominal muscles twitch, body unsure if it wants to curl in on itself or stretch out.

"Your laugh is so cute, George." Dream places a kiss just above his collarbone.

"I hate you, I hate you," George mutters, voice way too happy sounding for his words because of all the giggling.

"You're so red!" He sounds delighted when he says it, hand on George's ribs trailing up to his armpit.

He yells out at that, body falling forward until he's got his face buried in Dream's neck, arms wrapped tight around his shoulders. The position doesn't do much to help him; if anything, it gives Dream better access to under his arms, but he clings like this anyway, shaking through laughter and wriggling in his lap.

Dream brings his other hand up, too, and George wails. He wants to press his arms to his side to hide, wants to pull back so that he's out of arm's reach, but at the same time he begins to want more. His nose is pressed into Dream's skin, and he smells so familiar, so cosy. Dream's hands are warm, and even though his body is twitching and shaking, he's starting to get used to and enjoy the dull itch that his touch is leaving on his skin.

His fingers claw into Dream's hoodie, wringing it between his fingers, and he hears Dream chuckle.

“C’mon, sit back up, I wanna see you.”

He tries, attempting to pull back, but another jolt sets through him and he’s back hunching forward, shaking his head and nuzzling further into Dream.

“I C- *an’t*,” He cuts himself off with a loud, tense laugh.

“Stop hiding from me,” Dream’s voice is fond, and to George’s relief he lets up, hands smoothing comfortingly across his back and letting him catch his breath.

A feeble whine escapes him, body continuing to shake a little as his senses calm down. He’s embarrassed that he thinks it feels actually good this time, skin still prickling and buzzing in all the places Dream’s fingers once were. Part of him longs to itch at himself and get it to go away, but the other part, the weird part that is kind of enjoying this torment, that part wins, and he snuggles even closer into Dream, shivering in his lap.

Dream’s nails dig in ever so slightly to his shoulders, and George sighs in content as he drags them down his back, scratching lightly.

“That feel nice?” Dream turns his head as he speaks, pressing a kiss to what he can reach of George’s head.

“Mhm.” He hums, shuffling forward so that they’re pressed chest to chest. He’s a little sleepy, from a mix of the tickling and Dream’s warmth he bets, and he lets out a yawn.

“Aww, tired?” He scratches up and down George’s back a couple times, before settling back on his waist.

George shakes his head, and places a little kiss to Dream’s shoulder. “Just a little.”

He relaxes as he feels the hands at his waist squeeze gently, thumbs rubbing soft little circles. He wonders what Dream’s reaction would be if he ever did manage to catch him off guard and tickle him. It’s inevitable; he wants payback for this at some point. George bets the best way is to get him while he’s at his computer with his headphones on or something, since he wouldn’t hear him coming.

A smile forms on his face as he thinks about it, imagining creeping up behind him, slow and quiet. He thinks of standing behind Dream's desk chair, reaching round the headrest to brush his fingertips ever so slightly over the side of his neck. He thinks of the little jolt Dream would make, the shiver that'd run through his body.

He imagines coming up behind Dream while he's standing in the kitchen, grabbing and tickling at his sides. He can't help the little breath of laughter he lets out as he imagines Dream yelping, dropping whatever he's holding and squirming around in George's grip. Dream has always been easy to make laugh, so he bets that his giggling would be uncontrollable. He'd be so *cute*.

Okay, maybe he understands now why Dream is enjoying tickling him this much.

"What're you laughing at?" Dream's voice pulls him out of his thoughts.

"Mm, nothing."

Dream shrugs his shoulder, trying to get George to lift his head. "No, tell me."

Snickering, he pulls back from where he's nuzzled into Dream's shoulder to look at him in the eyes.

"Just plotting my revenge."

"Revenge?" Dream smiles, and George flinches a little when Dream's right hand moves from his waist to pet over his stomach.

"Yeah, I'm gonna get you back." His back straightens out, and he sucks in a breath, anticipating more tickling.

"Yeah?"

George nods, and luckily for him, the hand on his stomach just rubs gently. He closes his eyes as

Dream leans forward, smiling as he feels a kiss pressed to his forehead, then another to the tip of his nose. When he pulls back, George opens his eyes, and sees Dream looking past his shoulder. He turns his head, noticing his monitor is still on.

“You done with editing?” Dream looks back at him.

“Not *done*.” He grimaces a little, remembering that he’s got to get back to work at some point. “I was gonna take a break.”

Dream idly taps his fingers against George’s stomach, a playful grin moving across his face. “Wanna do stuff?”

“Well, I *do* have to finish the video, so I dunno.”

“Hmm...” He hums, and George narrows his eyes at the way the corners of his mouth quirk up further. The hand on his stomach lowers, fingers now playing gently with the button on his jeans. “Are you sure?”

George scoffs, bringing one of his hands down to push Dream’s away. “Give a guy some foreplay first, oh my god.”

“That *was* foreplay.” Dream’s hand moves to his thigh, squeezing at it. George laughs.

“Drawing on me is foreplay?”

“No. Tickling you is the foreplay.”

“The drawing *was* tickling me.”

Dream shrugs, still grinning. He bites his tongue between his teeth, and digs his nails into George’s thigh. The sharpness is dulled by his clothes, but George still jolts at the feeling. He guesses there *is* something intimate about letting someone draw on and tickle you. And despite everything, it *was* kind of fun, even if he thought otherwise about it earlier.

“I can keep drawing on you until you’re satisfied. On *other body parts*.” He lilts, snickering after he says it.

George cringes at his wording, laughing with him. “Why’d you say it like that, what’s wrong with you?”

Dream doubles down. “*George*,” He teases, bringing his other hand down too so he’s kneading at both of George’s thighs. “Let me draw on your body,”

“Stop, you sound creepy.”

“*Let me!*”

“Oh my god, fine!” George fights the urge to roll his eyes at the way Dream immediately starts looking for where the pen went. “What are you gonna draw?”

“Uh, dunno yet,” Dream seemingly spots it, out of reach on the ground by the desk. George wobbles on his lap, feeling how he’s stretching a leg out to try and reach it with his foot.

He grabs at Dream’s shoulders, steadying himself. “You’re gonna knock me off! Let me get it.”

The hands on his legs slip away, and George clambers off of the bed. He picks the pen up off of the ground, clicking it a few times as he looks at his computer. He contemplates if he should leave it on, since he *should* continue working in a bit, but decides on switching it off anyway.

Maybe it was a mistake to agree to let Dream draw on him some more. It was weird and uncomfortable on his hand and arm, and undoubtedly it’d feel equally, if not more weird on other parts of his body. Still, he finds himself not taking it back. Dream looks cute when he’s focusing. He likes watching Dream draw, so if he can get over the ticklishness of it all, he bets he would find it endearing to watch him draw pretty patterns over his skin.

When he turns back around, Dream is still sat on the bed, arms out behind him again and swinging his feet a little. George steps toward him and reaches out, acting like he’s going to draw on Dream’s face. He dodges.

“I thought you were busy, why’d you turn it off?” He asks, smug.

“Shut up.” George drops the pen in Dream’s lap. “How do you want me? How does this work?”

Dream picks the pen up and twirls it between his fingers. “Uhh, lay down I guess?”

He climbs onto the bed, laying down a little awkwardly in the middle, knees pulled in a little and resting up on his elbows. He watches Dream crawl up the bed toward him, and lets him push his knees down so he can settle himself atop them, his own knees either side of George’s thighs.

George tilts his chin up, signalling for a kiss, and closes his eyes as Dream leans down. It’s short, sweet, and he smiles when they pull apart. He watches as one of Dream’s hands goes to his stomach, petting lightly over it for a second before pushing his top up to rest just where his ribs end.

“Can I draw on you here?”

“You’re not gonna draw something weird, are you?”

Dream snickers. “What? No, of course not.”

“I...don’t know if I believe you.”

“Even if I did, it’s not a sharpie or anything, it’ll come off easy.”

He shuffles a little bit down the bed, until he’s at a good level to be able to comfortably bend down to reach George’s stomach. George’s abdominal muscles instinctively tense as he gets closer, and he sucks in a breath when Dream’s warm left hand braces itself on his side.

“I’m glad it’s not a sharpie. I don’t trust you enough to let you use a permanent marker.”

Dream's right hand fiddles with the pen, hovering a little in the air, presumably thinking of where to start and what to do. "Sharpie would tickle way more, too."

"Would it?"

"Yeah, 'cause it's softer, right? And it's, like, wet."

George gives a short nod. "I guess so."

He watches as Dream chews at his lip, eyes darting across George's abdomen. He feels a little weird having his body stared at like this. It's nothing Dream hasn't seen before, hell, Dream's seen this and *more*, but the contemplative look in his eyes has George feeling a bit like he's being studied.

Dream pulls him out of that thought, though, when he looks up and scratches gently at his waist. George shoots him a look, one that he hopes says *don't*. It must come across well enough, because Dream grins back cheekily but stops.

The pen is brought down, finally, to the center of his stomach, just above his navel. He flinches on reflex, but it's gone almost as quick as it came, a small heart left on his skin.

"Adorable, Dream." He says, sarcastically.

"Yeah. It is." He draws an arrow through it. "I don't know what to draw."

"Why'd you ask to do it if you don't know what to do?"

"I dunno." Dream's eyes flit between the heart on George's stomach and his face, his hand that holds the pen coming up to click the button of it against his chin a few times. "Can I say it was for an excuse to touch your body?"

He's got that cheeky grin on again, and George makes a fake gagging noise, eyebrows knitting together in mock disgust.

“Eugh, cringe.”

Dream just laughs, pushing George’s shirt up higher and bringing the pen back down. He draws a little flower in the middle between where his lower ribs are, nothing too intricate, but still pretty cool looking. The pen pressure is light, and George fights the urge to squirm.

Another flower is drawn next to it, and another, and with each one, it gets harder to not move. It tickles in a different way than he’s ever felt before; he’s rarely touched here in the first place, and that combined with the new feeling the pen has him already starting to feel over sensitive again.

“I saw a picture this one time, on Instagram or something,” Dream speaks, talking while he works. “Of this girl. She had a tattoo, like, under her boobs. I don’t know what it was meant to be, it was like a big flower or something, maybe? It kinda looked like a chandelier.”

“Mhm.” George can only hum in response. Dream connects a line to the flowers he’s drawn, then extends it across George’s ribs like a vine, and at that he does twitch. The hand at his side squeezes again, a warning to stay still.

“I thought that was cool. It had these things dangling off it and down, they looked like beads.” He adds some leaves to the vine. “I wanna do that on you, but I don’t know how.”

The pen against his ribs as Dream shades in the leaves wracks a shiver through him. It tickles, it *definitely* tickles, but this sort of tickle feels different. It’s still a lot, he still can feel himself wanting to twist away and curl his toes, but it feels manageable.

“I also don’t have boobs for you to draw under.”

“That’s true.”

George twists his fingers in the blanket beneath him as Dream’s drawings reach closer to his side.

“You don’t have to make a masterpiece or anything. Just draw whatever.”

He takes him up on that suggestion. Dream finishes his flowers and vines, and starts doodling a little sun on his ribs on his other side. George's eyes follow the pens tip as it glides across his skin, trying to keep focus on that rather than the tickly feelings.

Next to the sun he draws a crescent moon, and next to that he attempts a star. An attempt, because it comes out wonky as hell, lines crossing over unevenly and looking more like just a scribble. George snorts a laugh, and Dream shoots him a look.

"You suck."

"It's *hard*, okay, your ribs are all bony." He emphasised the point poking at them with his free hand, making George squirm.

"They're bones, of course they're bony."

Dream ignores him. "My back hurts bending like this. Hold on-"

He moves off of where he's straddling George's legs to kneel next to him, placing his hands on his knees. George lets Dream pull his legs apart, watching as he then positions himself between them on his stomach. His left hand comes to rest on George's waist, and George notices the way Dream's legs are too long for this position, dangling off the end of the bed.

"Is that comfortable?" He asks, as Dream leans his head down to press a kiss to his stomach.

"Yeah." Dream kicks his legs a little behind him, bending them and crossing his ankles together. It's cute, George thinks.

His hips are bracketed by Dream's arms, and he smiles when Dream draws a derp looking dog under his ribs.

"Is that Rat?"

He gets a sneaky laugh in response.

Dream continues for a while, littering his skin with doodles, and George's arms start getting a little tired from holding himself up. He likes watching, but lets himself drop down from his elbows to lay back properly, stretching his arms up in the air to try and get rid of the stiffness. He rolls his wrists a couple times, hearing them crack, before letting his arms fall to the bed beside him.

He gets used to it, after a while. It's still a little itchy, and he still shivers and twitches when Dream starts drawing in a new place, but it feels nice. Peaceful. He turns his head to the side, looking toward the window. The late afternoon sun isn't too bright, thankfully, but provides a perfect amount of light for Dream to be able to see what he's doing. The clouds are wispy, and when he squints, George thinks he can make out the shape of a swan.

The pen drags lower, something feeling just like a scribble being drawn under his navel, and George's breath hitches. He tries to lift his head up to look down and see, but the strain isn't worth it, so he drops it back down. The ceiling is boring, as all ceilings are, and he recalls the time that Dream had suggested they get glow in the dark star stickers to put up there. It had been a joke, and George had laughed at him for it, but thinking about it now, George thinks that the room would look nicer with some fairy lights or something up there.

He hadn't done much decorating to his room since moving in. His desk and computer are all set up, and there's a few things around it, but the rest is pretty bland looking. Dream's room looks a lot more interesting; it's not necessarily organised or perfectly designed, but it's not messy either. He has a lot of random stuff all about. Colourful notebooks on his desk, artwork, knick-knacks. There's a little bed for Patches on the floor under the window that she never uses, instead always opting to curl up right in the center of his duvet. He keeps it there, though, *'just in case she ever wants it'*, and it makes George happy every time he sees it.

There's not much point in decorating his own room, he thinks. No one really sees it since he uses his green screen when he streams, and it's not like any visitors are going to be coming in there. He doesn't even sleep in there half the time, often ending up falling asleep in Dream's much more comfortable bed with him. Despite that, though, some soft lights and maybe some candles sound like a good addition.

He's about to voice this new thought to Dream, when the words are startled out of him by the pen drawing over the sensitive skin by his left hip. He yelps quietly, thighs attempting to close but instead just trapping Dream more between them. Dream draws over the same place again, giggling when George twitches. George props himself up on one elbow, looking down.

"Hey, that tickles!" An obvious statement that doesn't need to be said. "What are you doing?"

Dream lifts the pen away, letting him take a look. “You moved, and made me slip.”

It’s a smiley face, the mouth a little wobbly from George’s movement, one end extending just a little too far. It looks like Dream’s blob avatar, which he guesses was the point, and he laughs.

“It’s you.”

“Well, it’s not *me*.”

He reaches down to touch his own hip, above the drawing. “It’s basically you.”

Dream draws a little heart next to it.

“There.”

George smiles, feeling a little soft. He makes a grabby hands motion toward the pen, shifting himself to sit up a little more. “My turn. I have to draw me on you, now.”

“Why?” He asks, but gives him the pen anyway without hesitation.

George takes it, then grabs at Dream’s hand and turns it over so his palm is facing up. It’s kind of hard to balance himself like this, legs straight on the bed with both hands busy so he can’t hold himself up.

He uses that as his excuse when he draws a messy face on the inside of Dream’s wrist, circling it to be the head and then adding a little scribble for hair. He looks at it for a second, before adding circles around the eyes to act like the clout goggles, then colouring in where the lenses would be. It looks awful, barely even recognisable as his own image, but he hands the pen back and drops himself back down to rest on his elbows. It’s as good as it’s gonna get.

Dream pulls his arm up, twisting his head to look at it since it’s been drawn upside down to him, and laughs.

“What the hell is that?”

“It’s me!”

“No, I know, but why does it- oh, those are the *goggles*?”

George squeezes his legs together, hard, laughing when Dream grunts a little in discomfort. He takes the time now that he’s upright again to look at what Dream has drawn. There’s a cloud with a lightning bolt coming out of it on his right side, which has some poorly drawn attempts at snowflakes next to it. There are some more hearts on his right, three in an arch, above what looks to be a cup with a straw in it. Other things are strewn around, and his body looks like a mess with all of the mismatched sketches, but George thinks it's cool nonetheless.

He spots something that’s just been scribbled over, a mistake he assumes that’s now just a black ball, and reaches down to press on it.

“Have you considered being a tattoo artist?” He jokes, pulling his hand back and seeing the ink stain his fingertip.

“Ha ha, funny.” Dream deadpans. “I think I did pretty good, actually.”

“It’s alright, I guess.” He smiles as he says it, then tenses and shakes his head frantically when Dream lifts his hand up, threatening to start tickling again.

He doesn’t end up getting tickled, but he flinches anyway as Dream’s hand rests on his lower stomach. He watches Dream drum his fingers against his skin for a second, before he shifts his hand down to tug a little at the waistband of his jeans. On the newly exposed skin, he draws a little sword.

George distantly wonders if there’s any reason behind the things Dream is drawing on him, though as he looks over his body, he doubts it. Dream tries tugging his waistband down a little further, but it doesn’t budge far enough, and he huffs.

“What are you trying to do?”

“Need more space. Do you mind taking these off?” Dream punctuates his question with another pull at the fabric, and George smiles.

“...This is just another excuse to touch my body, or whatever you said...”

“And what if it is?” Dream smiles back, already moving to push George’s pants button through the hole. “No, I actually just wanna draw on your legs. Well, okay, to be fair, *all* of this is an excuse, so...”

George reluctantly sits up to shuffle his jeans off, kicking Dream’s hands away when he tries to help. “You’re ridiculous.”

As soon as he’s left in boxers and has settled himself back down, Dream’s hands are immediately on his thighs. He doesn’t put up any fight when Dream’s hand hooks under his right knee and repositions him so his leg is up with his foot flat on the bed. He doesn’t think it’s intentional, but the kiss Dream places to the skin by his knee tickles a little.

“This, uh, looks suggestive.” George watches Dream twirl the pen around where he’s lying between his bare legs. It’s kind of weird weird, he thinks, having Dream in this position while he’s partially undressed.

“What? You say that like that’s not where this is headed.”

Ah. Not so weird then, he guesses.

“It is?”

Dream’s free hand slides across his thigh, fingers fiddling with the hem of George’s boxers when they get high enough. “Yeah, I said this was foreplay, didn’t I?”

“Foreplay is supposed to get me in the mood, though.” He jokes, laughing when Dream frowns at him.

“You’re so annoying.”

The hand on his thigh moves to hold his hip, and George's legs reflexively try to snap closed when Dream brings the pen down on the skin by his knee. Dream's body being there means it doesn't work, and he's left to scrunch his nose up at the new ticklish feeling.

He drops back down to lay properly on his back and let Dream do his thing. It's more tickly now, and he's sure the way he's squirming every now and then isn't helping to keep Dream's artwork looking good, but he can't help it. As much as he doesn't really understand Dream's insistence on doing this, though, he has to admit that it is kind of nice.

Dream's free hand is squeezing at and rubbing soothing circles on his hip, and that alone is enough to make him sigh. That in combination with the light drag of the pen on his thigh, starting by his knee and slowly creeping higher, and the way that Dream will lean down to press a kiss to his other leg from time to time...It's good.

Maybe this *is* foreplay. He curses Dream for using his knowledge of his weak spots, like his sensitive thighs, against him.

The pen gets a little too close to his inner thigh, and George can't stop the quiet whine that crawls out of his throat at the feeling. He tries once again to press his legs together, but his raised knee just ends up knocking into Dream's head. The hand on his hip comes down to hold onto the knee, keeping his legs open.

"Stop moving." Dream scolds, but there's no true annoyance in his tone.

"It tickles." He feels like a broken record with how often he's said that today.

Dream's hair brushes his skin, yet another thing to tickle him, as he bends down to press a kiss right on the highest visible part of George's leg, by the edge of his boxers.

"It *tickles!*" He repeats, louder.

"It feels good though, doesn't it?" Dream asks, and while his wording is intentionally cocky sounding, George can hear the genuineness of the question in his voice.

It does, he's right, but George isn't really sure he's ready to admit that to himself yet, let alone to Dream.

"You're a weirdo, you're getting off on tickling me and drawing on me. Who even does that?" He deflects.

Dream seems to understand though, and just places another kiss in the same spot. Thankfully, he says nothing when George's hips twitch up a little when he pulls back.

He's not sure when the ticklish feeling transitioned from feeling unbearable to feeling nice... maybe it had always been good and he's just not been letting himself feel it? Surely not. He decides to stop dwelling on it though and just allow it, allow the staticky buzzing feeling rush across his skin and let himself melt into it.

Whatever Dream is drawing inches further in again, and his breath catches.

"What are you even drawing?" He asks, not attempting to sit up and look.

Dream giggles. "I wrote, uh, *'dream waz here'*."

George laughs, too. "That's so stupid."

"s funny." He continues writing, and George whines again. "What's your problem, George?" The smile is audible in his voice.

"Shut up."

The way the pen is moving against his skin starts feeling less like drawing or writing, and more like Dream is just trying to make him squirm. It creeps in swirling circles higher up and inward, closer to the more sensitive spaces on his leg. It really tickles, but it's good, and George can feel himself starting to grow warm.

Another kiss to that same high up spot has him messing about with the blanket beneath him. It's embarrassing, he thinks, that he's starting to get turned on by these decidedly tame movements, but

since this is what Dream's plan seems to be, he guesses there's no point in fighting it.

Dream's fingers fiddle with the hem of his boxers again, before gently pushing it up to expose where his leg meets his hip.

"You've got such nice legs." He muses, hand sliding back down to George's knee. He guides it back down, so that both of George's legs are flat on the bed. "They look so long, even though you're short as crap."

George props himself up on his elbows so he can glare down at Dream, who he sees is smiling to himself as he rubs at George's leg. He brings the pen down to the newly exposed space, a patch of skin so close and private, so sensitive, and draws another smiley. The pen pressure is light, and George shudders, feeling his hairs stand on end.

"Too close." His voice sounds sort of strained as he says it, and he brings a hand up to comb through his own hair, pushing it up off of his forehead before dropping back down to hold himself up.

His body looks a mess. His whole stomach and one of his thighs are littered with disorganised doodles, and the drawings on his arm and hand have started to smudge a bit. His nerves tingle all over, and when he focuses on certain drawings, he can almost feel the phantom sensation of the pen's tip, the way it tickled him, the soft electric left behind after the pen had been lifted.

"Too close to what?" Dream sounds smug, shuffling a little so that he can rest his head on George's hip, cheek pressed against the fabric of his boxers.

He swaps the pen to his left hand, turning the pen around in his grip so that the button end is facing George's skin. He drags the cold plastic of it across that area, from just under his hip all the way down to his inner thigh. George's legs tremble, squeezing around Dream's body.

Dream's face and pen are way too close to his crotch, and it takes everything in him not to squirm away. His leg feels cold under the tickly drag of the pen, and he can feel Dream's hot breath through his fabric. It's a lot, and it's quickly getting him worked up. He thinks it's a little pathetic of him, but in his defence, Dream always looks exceptionally pretty between his legs.

The way he's resting has his cheek squished upward a little, and George thinks that's the cutest thing ever. Gravity also means that Dream's hair has fallen more across his forehead, length just

short enough to not get in his eyes. Despite that, George reaches out to run his hands through it, pushing it back for him.

He scratches gently at his scalp, and Dream's eyes flick up from absently gazing at where he's tracing patterns on George's leg to meet his gaze. His eyes are soft, and George smiles at him.

"You're not even drawing anymore."

Dream smiles back, before looking back across at the pen in his hand. "I can keep drawing, if you want."

He can feel the vibrations when Dream talks, face pressed against him, through his lower body. His breath is so *warm* where it blows over his crotch. His hips stir without his permission, and he doesn't miss the way Dream's smile grows. He pulls his hand away from Dream's head.

"No, you're too close. You're gonna, like, draw on it." George says, intentionally vague. The small laugh Dream lets out, though, proves he understands.

"I wouldn't, I wouldn't," He reassures, lifting his head for a second to place a kiss on George's boxers, right next to where he's slowly starting to get hard. Dream notices this, because of course he does. "It seems like you want me to."

"Uh, no."

He grimaces at the thought of the pen drawing across his dick, something he's obviously never considered before. That doesn't seem fun at all, if he's honest. Dream just chuckles, placing another kiss. This time, when he does, his nose brushes ever so slightly against his length, and George inhales sharply.

"You're getting hard, though." His voice lilts as he says it, and George's eyes flicker to where Dream lifts the pen away from his skin and places it down on the bed next to them.

"Yeah, because you're so close."

Both of Dream's hands go to each of George's thighs, scratching lightly to make him shiver. "Is that a bad thing?"

"No," George's teeth bite at his own lips. "Your idea of foreplay is weird."

"You're-!" Dream lifts his head, voice raising. He narrows his eyes at George incredulously. "You're such an idiot, you're literally-"

He cuts himself off by lowering his head again, nudging his nose purposefully against George's now half hard dick. George just chews harder at his lips, feeling how his cock twitches in his underwear.

"Dream," He says, because he doesn't really know what else to say.

Dream doesn't respond, just continues to drag his nose against him for a bit, before turning his head to properly rub at him with his cheek. George hums, eyes slipping closed. It feels good; Dream's warm face dragging against his clothed dick so beautifully. It's gentle, like everything they've done today has been, but he welcomes it happily.

At the same time, Dream's scratching on his thighs turns to light tickling once again, and George gasps. His thighs shake, hips twitching against Dream's face.

"Look at you," Dream's voice is bright, sounding pleased. George can feel his lips as they move. "You're needy already."

"You're dumb."

He feels Dream's face move, and George's eyes screw even tighter shut as Dream's tongue drags slowly across his length over the fabric. It's still dry, soft cotton easy against him, and he whimpers. Any possible thoughts about getting back to work are easily blown away, instead just leaving him wanting.

Dream repeats the action, before settling at the head of George's dick and placing his lips around it. He presses his tongue against it, licking in short swipes, paying no attention to the tremor in George's thighs at his actions.

The fabric where he stays licking slowly gets damp from his saliva, and George tries to push his hips up. Immediately, Dream's left hand moves from his thigh to his hip, holding him down.

"Stop teasing." George huffs, cracking his eyes open. Dream looks so content down there, happy to go slow and at his own pace, and George almost feels bad for trying to hurry him along.

Almost, because when Dream pulls back, a self-satisfied smile stretches across his face.

"You like the teasing, though, right?" The fingers still on George's thigh dance even lighter, even more tickly, as if to prove a point.

He's right, as always, but right now, he really just wants to feel more. All of Dream's touches have been feather light, and it's getting to be too much. Dream's mouth is on him once more, tongue lapping easily over his tip, and George has to bring a hand up to bite at his knuckles. Not only does it feel good, but Dream looks hot as hell when he's using his mouth.

Dream pulls back again, and the hand at his hip moves across to rest just next to George's cock. George holds his breath, and Dream lifts his thumb to run it ever so slowly across his shaft, from base to tip. He tries again to tip his hips into it but Dream just takes his thumb away.

"Come *on*." His voice sounds more whiny than he'd wanted it to, but he can't really blame himself. Dream never does things like this; yeah, he loves to tease, but his touches are usually firm and steady, sure and satisfying.

"I'll be nice, I promise," Dream smiles as he speaks, thumb coming back to tease at the base of his dick. "Just let me do what I want for a while."

"You've been *doing* whatever you want, for ages." He scratches at his cheek with the hand he had bitten, then looks down and sees the small teeth indents.

Dream's hand moves down a little, and his thumb shifts to brush over his balls. He passes over a few times, before gliding his fingers over them too to cup them. George's stomach muscles tighten as Dream plays with him softly.

He's given a glimpse of the pressure he wants as Dream squeezes at his balls for a split second, letting go as quickly as he started. George's arm rests back on the bed, and Dream inches his hand up over his cock, almost palming him if he'd been any more firm. His fingers dance along his shaft, and George shivers, body confused at being tickled in such an area.

Reaching the tip, Dream circles over the fabric with his pointer finger. George's cock twitches, and George watches as curiosity fills Dream's eyes. Dream shifts his weight, moving his hand off of George's thigh to instead place his elbow in the bed next to it and rest his head in his palm.

He looks causal like this, leaning into his own hand and watching with interest as he teases George. It's a little embarrassing, he thinks, being watched and sort of toyed with like this. It feels good, though, Dream's touch and his eyes on him, so he lets him do his thing.

Dream's finger runs just underneath the tip of his dick, right where he knows George likes it, and George's eyes flutter shut, his head tipping back. He stays there, rubbing over the same spot softly again and again, and George's breath starts to stutter.

"Dream,"

Dream hums, sounding like he's not really paying attention.

He's not sure why he spoke in the first place, why he said Dream's name aloud. "'s good."

"Yeah?"

"Mhm. More, please."

He cringes at himself as soon as he says it, embarrassed by how he's already pleading, but doesn't take it back.

Dream hums again, this time a more contemplative sound. "Hmm...fine, I *guess*."

George thinks maybe he's been too lenient with letting Dream draw on and tickle him today, because Dream sounds way too happy about his position. Not that he himself is unhappy with it -

not at all, he's actually really enjoying himself - but an overly confident Dream is rarely a good thing. Or, perhaps it's always a good thing, depending on how you look at it.

He looks back down at the same time as Dream takes his hand off of his cock, moving instead to poke at his waistband.

"Take these off for me?" Dream always asks so *nicely* when he seeks for George to remove something, which is something he finds endearing. He phrases it more like a suggestion than an actual request, says it in a way that implies he would find another way to make George feel good if he says no.

George only nods, shuffling to try and remove his underwear. It's a little awkward with Dream still laying between his legs, and he definitely almost kicks him in the head, but they laugh it off and soon enough George is bare from the waist down.

Once again propped up on his elbows, George watches as Dream shifts. Large hands come up to squeeze at his waist, and he leans up and over him a little to place a kiss just above his navel. He dots a few more around his stomach, before settling back down.

Dream mimics his earlier position, elbow on the bed, head resting in his palm, using his right hand to graze his nails across George's now bare hip.

"*Dream*," He pouts, already getting impatient. Now that he's rid of his underwear, Dream's breath hits his skin directly, and that only heightens the ticklishness he's already feeling.

"Patience, George." Dream lilts, not looking up to catch the way George's eyebrows knit together.

He scratches lightly across George's hip and lower belly, every now and then getting just a fraction too close to where he's hard against his stomach. He tries to tilt his body in the direction of Dream's hand, attempting to trick him into touching him, but Dream moves away just in time. George groans in frustration.

"Hey, I said I'll be nice later, so just wait, okay?"

His voice is uncharacteristically soft, speaking as if he's consoling a stressed out animal. It's a little

humiliating, but he guesses it makes sense, since he is kind of fussing like one right now.

“Stop patronising me, you’re just gonna keep teasing me forever!”

Dream flattens his palm against his skin, rubbing soothing circles against his hip. “Not *forever*. Just for a little while longer.”

George huffs as if he’s mad, though it’s all just for show. He’s kind of into it, the way Dream is treating him so gently, yet still isn’t giving him what he wants. He wonders if Dream is trying to test him, wanting to see how long he can hold out. That thought intimidates him, but also admittedly turns him on more.

A shock is sent through his body as, for a split second, Dream’s nails dig in hard into his hip. It’s the firmest pressure he’s had thus far, a stark contrast, and it jolts his senses. He whines, high pitched, and blinks while he watches Dream’s hand let go completely.

He’s left without touch for a moment, Dream keenly watching as his body twinges and heaves with his steadily deepening breaths. He can almost *feel* his eyes on him, burning into his stomach and his thighs and his dick.

The lack of touch only gets him more antsy, but soon enough, Dream’s hand is back. He traces his first two fingers delicately up George’s cock, and he gasps out. The pressure is still barely nothing, but now that it’s directly against him, he can’t stop the choked out noise he makes and the way his thighs shake.

Dream snickers at the reaction. “Feels good?”

“Mhm,” He presses his lips together tightly, not trusting his voice to come out sounding unstrained.

The touch is dragged up and down and back up again, and George really doesn’t understand why it’s getting to him so much. When those fingers reach his head, he holds his breath, anticipating what Dream is going to do.

His guess is correct, and he watches Dream’s fingers toy with him, softly petting over his tip before running a single fingertip across the slit. George’s knees attempt to pull together, but with Dream in

the way, he just ends up squishing Dream closer to him.

Dream carries on like that for a moment, before gliding down to that perfect spot under the head once again. It had felt amazing over his boxers, but being touched directly feels almost heavenly. It's still not enough pressure, but his dick twitches all the same, and he lets out a shaky breath.

"God, you're so cute, George."

He rips his gaze away from where Dream's fingers are on him up to his face, and almost whimpers aloud at his expression. Dream's cheeks are a little flushed, eyes soft and full of affection, yet still with a glint of that mischief.

"Shut up." He complains weakly, for no reason other than for the sake of it.

"You really are. You're so, like, receptive." Dream's fingers are replaced by his thumb, the pad of it pressing and rubbing so, so perfectly. "I love watching you."

George groans, hips bucking up into the touch. "*Dream*, please, come *on*,"

Dream's hand moves, tracing down to the base of his cock. When he gets there, he takes George between his thumb and pointer finger, using those two to gently stroke him. George's eyelids flutter, and his head lolls to the side to rest on his own shoulder.

The grip is barely there, just a faint trace of fingers against him that leave so much to be desired. It's annoying, how slow Dream's being, how leisurely he's taking this, and George has half a mind to reach down and push Dream's hand firmer around where he wants him. He considers it, while his toes curl at the continuous teasing drift on his cock, but makes no move to do so. Dream seems pleased, looks like he's enjoying himself. George would feel bad taking that away from him.

His fingers make their way up once again to his tip, massaging at it oh so slowly, before giving it a soft squeeze. George lets out an embarrassed mewl when he leaks a drop of precum, noticing the way Dream's eyes light up in delight.

"So cute, so cute," He murmurs, so quietly that George thinks he probably didn't mean to say that out loud, and he swipes over George's now wet slit. He pulls his hand away, rubbing his finger and thumb together then pulling them apart, watching the stickiness.

Dream brings his hand back down, this time turned over so he's dragging the backs of his fingers over him. He can feel Dream's knuckles, and his hips jolt, jerking up into the new touch on instinct. The movement presses his cock firmer between Dream's fingers and his stomach; amazing, just slightly more friction than before, and he lets out a stuttering moan.

"Oh-

"Hey, hey," Dream tuts, pulling his hand away, much to George's dismay. "Don't be so greedy."

George groans, frustrated, and lowers down to lay properly flat on his back. He flings his arm across his face, forearm over his eyes.

"You're the worst."

He hears Dream's quiet giggle.

"Oh, come on, it's good, isn't it?"

"Yes." He pushes his hips up into nothing. "So get *on with it*."

"Alright, calm down."

Finally, *finally* Dream wraps his hand properly around his cock, and he keens, back arching off of the mattress. His grip is loose, and his stroke is slow as he moves his hand, but it's more than anything he's gotten thus far. Compared to the feather light tickles from before, this is *so* much.

"Ah," George brings his other hand up to his chest to fiddle with the collar of his t-shirt, just to give his restless hands something to do. He doesn't have anything to say, but he feels like he has to speak anyway. "Woah, I-

Dream laughs. "What's with that reaction?"

“It’s, uhh,” He feels a little pathetic, getting worked up like this, and his words die in his throat.

“You’re so sensitive, I’m barely even touching you.”

“I know, but it’s... I don’t know!”

Dream keeps his strokes unhurried, not reacting or changing when George’s hips buck up searching for more. After a little while of the same rhythmic motion, he starts twisting his grip, and George can’t help the way his breathing shallows.

It’s dry, one thing his loose grip is good for, and the slight change in sensation sends a hot rush through him. His tip leaks.

“Dream,”

“Hm?”

He takes a deep breath, trying to steady himself. He can’t finish like this, and he knows that Dream doesn’t want him to, either.

“More, I want-”

“More?”

George hums an agreement, nodding behind the arm covering his face. He thinks Dream is going to tease him again, but to his luck he feels the bed shift. He lifts his arm and looks down to see Dream moving up a little so his head is more level with George’s crotch. The hand he was resting on comes to hold his hip, and George shivers at the squeeze he gives it.

Once he’s settled, Dream flicks his gaze up to his face. He smiles at him, then looks back down. George is so glad he decided to look, because Dream closes his eyes for a moment, sucking his cheeks in, before opening his eyes again and pursing his lips. He spits, a slow, thick drop, right onto the head of George’s cock.

It's so hot, the way he watches it fall from Dream's mouth, and he whimpers. His dick twitches as it lands on him, then again when he watches Dream lick his lips to snap the strand. The satisfied smirk that finds its way onto his face shouldn't look as attractive as it does, and George drops his head back down to the mattress, eyes shutting and replacing his arm back over them.

"You're gonna be the death of me, I swear."

Dream snorts a laugh, and George's breath shutters when he feels Dream's thumb come up to rub his spit over George's cock. It feels good, the wetness a welcome change. He feels him spread it around his tip for a moment, before dragging his thumb down his shaft to hold him at the base.

He can't help but sigh when Dream's head ducks down and he flattens his tongue against him. He licks agonisingly slowly all the way up, before pulling off to start again. It's good, Dream's mouth is always good, but somehow this feels more unbearable than the light touches of Dream's fingers.

As Dream gives tiny kitten licks to George's tip, he whines. When Dream was teasing him with his hands, he still had it in him to feel annoyed, to grumble about how stupid Dream was being. Like this, however, with Dream's tongue on him, his mouth *right there*, the thing he wants being *so close*, it's so much worse. There's no bite left in him, not when Dream's hot breath and mouth are ghosting over his cock in such a beautiful way.

Soft, open mouthed kisses are placed along his length, and he wants to cry. Dream's perfect mouth is literally right there, but he knows that if he tried to get what he wants, if he grabbed Dream's hair in his hand and pulled him down to properly suck him off, he'd get reprimanded and he'd have to wait even longer. All he can do is grip the fabric in his hand tightly, trying his best to keep still.

"You're doing good," Dream's mouth is still pressed against his dick as he speaks, and the vibration startles him, making him gasp.

You told me to let you do what you want, is what he wants to say, but doesn't. *I better be doing good.*

Dream pulls back a little. "I'm gonna need you to be still for me, alright?"

"I've *been* still."

“Yeah, but even more still. No twitching, okay?” His voice is warm, kind. George pouts.

“Why are you talking like that, you don’t need to baby me.” Despite his words, he enjoys it, and he cringes a little, hoping he hasn’t made Dream want to stop speaking to him so nicely.

Dream laughs, then presses a quick kiss to George’s stomach. “Sorry, I’m getting carried away.”

“’s fine,”

“I like babying you, you’re so squirmy and stuff. Let me say nice things to you.”

George hums his acknowledgement. “I’ll be still.”

“Good.”

Another kiss is placed to his stomach, then another on his hip, and George waits as patiently as he can. The hand on his dick lazily strokes him a couple of times while Dream shuffles about a bit, before stopping and holding him steadily at the base.

George holds his breath when he feels Dream lick at his tip, more firm than before. His tongue works at him for a little bit, before Dream parts his lips and presses the head of George’s cock between them. George fights the full body shudder that wants to hit him, instead letting out a long, shaky exhale.

Dream just keeps him there, holding George’s tip between wet lips, using the tip of his tongue to lick at him oh so gently. It feels so good, George isn’t really sure what to do with himself. He’s been told not to move, but it’s difficult to keep still like this.

“Ah, ah, *ah-*” He was never told he couldn’t make noise, and panting out quiet, humiliating little noises is the only way he can hold himself back from jerking his hips or clamping his thighs together.

It's unfair, he thinks. Dream *knows* that he finds it hard to stay still when they do this sort of stuff. He *knows* that George is squirmy, that he always rocks his hips into the movements Dream makes against him, always reaching out and grabbing onto Dream's hair or clothes or anything he can reach. He's got to know how difficult this is going to be for him if he's not allowed to move at all.

He guesses that's the point.

The lips around him tighten, sucking softly, and sliding down the tiniest bit further. George isn't sure how Dream manages to make even this feel amazing, how his gentle lips and tongue feel perfect on him even though he's hardly trying at all.

Dream pulls his mouth off, and the air hitting his now wet skin makes him shiver. George worries for a second that he's about to get told off for that, but Dream lets it slide, ignoring it to instead press his tongue flat against him and lick his cock from base to tip.

"Dream, Dream, why can't I move, It's..." His voice is a higher pitch than usual, and he clears his throat to try and fix it. "It's hard to stay still."

"It's okay, you're doing better than I expected, actually." He gives him another lick to the tip, before pulling back. "So good."

His voice is so soothing, so sweet. George feels high strung, from all the earlier tickling and current teasing and deprivation, but Dream's kind tone lets him relax a little. It's kind of embarrassing, but his kind words have George's face heating up. This agonisingly slow burn is worth it, he thinks, if Dream is going to keep praising him like this.

Dream's voice as he speaks is a little breathy, and George bets that he's probably getting off on saying those praises as much as George is getting off on receiving them

"How much longer?"

"Until what?"

George pauses. It feels weird to push, he doesn't like being blunt. "...Y'know. Until you stop teasing."

“Soon, I promise.” Dream moves his hand, stroking him slowly as he speaks. “I’m gonna need you to keep being still for a little bit longer, though.”

George groans. He likes it, a lot in fact, but that doesn’t mean he’s not impatient as hell.

Dream tuts. “You can wait some more, can’t you?” His tone is playful, sounding as if he wants to laugh. Truthfully, he’s enjoying this, enjoying the teasing and touches that aren’t anywhere near enough. He’s enjoying Dream’s smooth voice and wet mouth, his cruelly delicate fingers and the feelings of beautiful helplessness those things are giving him.

“Even if I say I can’t, you’re gonna keep teasing anyway.”

“Exactly.” His smile is audible.

As soon as he’s done speaking, Dream’s mouth is on him again. He takes George’s tip back between his lips, sucking at it gently, before slowly taking more of him into his mouth. It’s so, so hard for George to stay still; he can feel his stomach muscles tensing at the effort. He whines, loud and long, as Dream inches down his length.

He takes it agonizingly slowly, his tongue working gently over the underside as he goes. George’s toes curl and he holds his breath. His hips want to twitch up, his hands want to grab at Dream’s hair, his shoulders, his hoodie strings, anything. It feels so good to finally have his cock properly in Dream’s mouth, and it’s such a test of strength to keep his body from shuddering.

“Oh, god,” George breathes, overwhelmed already.

Dream stops when he’s fit as much of him in his mouth as he comfortably can, his hand stroking over the rest. George feels him hollow his cheeks, sucking softly, and George moves his thumb to crack his knuckle, feeling restless.

Why does he feel this sensitive? It’s just a blowjob, why does it feel like this? Dream’s mouth is so hot, so wet, he knows exactly how George likes it, and he moves his tongue expertly in ways he knows will have him keening.

George expects Dream to take him properly, to start bobbing his head and work him how he usually would, but he doesn't. Dream keeps his head still, lets George's cock just rest there in his mouth while he sucks idly. The hand at his base halts so it's just holding him, and his tongue's movements slow to a stop.

Dream's mouth is so warm, so good around him, and George wants to cuss him out. It's not fair, not fair at all how he's being teased like this while not being allowed to move. Dream leaves him in his mouth, just keeping him there resting against his tongue, unmoving.

"Dream,"

No response. Dream keeps himself still, his only movement being how he will occasionally swallow the excess of saliva gathering in his mouth.

"Dream, "

George tries to sit up a bit to look at him, but when he does he's met with Dream glaring at him through his eyelashes. The hand not on his cock comes up to his chest, pushing to make him lay back down.

He groans, fingers twitching in an attempt to stop himself from moving. "It's not *fair*, you're being mean."

It's like he's talking to a brick wall, since he gets no form of response at all. Under any other circumstance, he'd be twitching his hips up right now into Dream's mouth, hands tangling in Dream's hair and arching his back. His hips threaten to do just that, the willpower it's taking him to keep them flat on the bed is immense.

It only gets worse, as the hand at his chest trails down to his stomach, and George yelps out. Dream gets right back to tickling him, quick and light just like earlier. Laughter is ripped out of him, and his hands come up to grab at his own hair.

That definitely counts as moving, but Dream says nothing of it, just continues to tickle over his stomach and ribs and sides. The hand he'd been using to hold George's dick comes up to help too, and George feels like he might cry.

His stomach muscles spasm with his giggles and the effort to stay still, his laughter coming out more like wails. Dream swallows around him, and George feels himself leak onto his tongue. He's mad; it's awful in the best way. Or maybe it's good in the worst way? He's not sure anymore, all he knows is that Dream's mouth is amazing, the tickling feels so agonizingly good, and the strain on his body to try and stay as still as possible has him aching.

He's not doing a very good job at staying still at all, now. Dream's fingers dancing across his abdomen has him shaking and laughing involuntarily, and it feels like torture that he's not allowed to thrust up into the wet heat around his aching cock.

"Please, Ple- *ease*," He manages to get out, voice breathless around strained laughter. He really hopes Dream understands what he's after, because he's not sure how well he can speak right now.

Luckily, but at the same time to George's disappointment, Dream pulls his mouth off of his dick, letting it fall against George's stomach.

"You're trembling so much," Dream coos, fingers not stopping their attack. "You did good with trying not to move, though."

"I, I," Words are impossible, and staying still any longer is even more so. He squirms side to side as he pants out laughter, Dream's fingers following his movements.

"You're so cute, George."

"Aha, *ha*- no, 'm not,"

Dream laughs with him. "You are! You so are."

His fingers tighten in his hair, tugging hard. Dream's hands descend some more to tickle at his hips, and George whines, bucking up to try and get friction on his dick again.

"Dream,"

He's aware of how pathetic he sounds, how much he's just repeated Dream's name over and over,

but it's not like he can help it. Later, he'll be embarrassed about it, cheeks hot as he hides his face in Dream's chest. For now though, he lets it be, because what else can he do?

"Okay, okay," Dream's fingers halt their tickling, and he instead flattens his hands against George's skin, palms over his hips. "I'm done now, promise."

George sucks in a deep breath, muscles relaxing now that Dream has stopped. He feels tingly all over, and he still lets out a few giggles despite it being over, his body still feeling it. This is the best part, he thinks, the buzz of all of his nerves and the oversensitivity afterwards. He was pretty adverse to the tickling earlier, but now he thinks he might let Dream do this again, so long as he always feels this floaty afterward.

Strong hands grip at his hip bones, and George hums, content. The weight against him serves to ground him a little, and for that he's grateful. Dream dips down and places a chaste, barely there kiss to the tip of his dick, before speaking again.

"You okay?"

"Mhm." George murmurs as he catches his breath.

"Good. Thanks for letting me do that."

He sounds a little sheepish now, hands on George's hips squeezing as if he's saying sorry.

" 's fine. I liked it."

Dream perks up again. "Yeah?"

"Yeah. Feels nice." His hands slip from his hair down to rest over his chest. "I'm all tingly."

Another kiss is placed to his tip and he sighs, wiggling his hips. Dream laughs quietly.

"Okay good, I'm glad. I didn't want that to be, like, weird."

“It’s not weird.” He pauses for a second. “Okay, it’s a bit weird. I don’t mind it, though”

“Heh, yeah.”

George’s skin prickles as Dream’s right hand moves off of his hip to rub gently at his lower stomach. It’s not ticklish; his palm is too flat for that, but his whole body is still so reactive, shivers wracking through him. That hand slides down to his cock, taking it in a loose grip and stroking it lazily.

He sighs, back arching a little as Dream works over him. His length is still wet with Dream’s spit, and the wet glide of his fingers feels so, so perfect.

“I’ll be nice now, like I said I would.”

George huffs a weak laugh. “It’s about time.”

Dream’s grip tightens, and he finally starts to get him off properly. It’s nearly too much; having been touched only so gently for so long, regular pressure is almost overpowering. His hips stutter into it, and thankfully Dream lets him move as much as he likes.

He’s embarrassingly worked up already. He’s tired, dizzy in a fun way, and he knows it’s not going to take long from now to reach his climax. Little noises steadily escape him without him thinking about it, high pitched and needy.

After a bit, Dream’s hand slows again, and George is about to complain. He doesn’t get the chance to, though, as Dream once again holds him at the base and takes his cock between his lips. The air is taken from George’s lungs as he gasps out, Dream’s mouth working much more steadily and earnestly than before.

Dream has always been enthusiastic with his head game, and now is no exception. Usually, this wouldn’t be an issue, but right now, when George is this sensitive and keyed up, it has him crying out way louder than he means to.

He smacks his hands flat on the bed either side of himself, unsure what to do with himself as

Dream takes him so well. His fingers flex, before gripping the sheets tight, twisting them while he pants.

“Oh *god*, shit shit shit,” His voice cracks as he speaks, his right hand untangling and moving down to grab desperately at Dream’s left where it still rests at his hip.

Dream links their fingers together, and George feels a little bad with how hard he squeezes, hoping he’s not hurting him. It just feels so good, Dream’s blowing him so like it’s nothing, he feels tears prick at his eyes.

He feels his tip hit the back of Dream’s throat, feels the way Dream almost gags, and he curses. He pushes himself up to rest on his elbow, wanting to watch. It’s hard to keep his eyes open, but the sight of Dream between his legs like this is too good to look away from.

Dream goes down even further, seeming to purposefully ignore his own gag reflex, and George knows he’s getting close. He unlaces his fingers from Dream’s, instead moving to grab at Dream’s hair and pull him off of his dick.

“Hm?”

“I’m close already,” George’s voice comes out shaky. “Sorry.”

“What are you saying sorry for?”

“You just started, it’s embarrassing.” He strokes through Dream’s hair, scratching gently at his scalp.

Dream scoffs, a smile on his face. “I don’t mind.”

George tilts his head to rest on his shoulder, studying Dream’s flushed face and trying to calm himself down a bit. Red looks good on Dream’s cheeks, he thinks, a blushing Dream is always adorable, whether it be caused by embarrassment or giving head or anything.

He catches Dream moving, just a little, and peers past his head to his body laying on the bed. His

legs are bent at the knee, feet swinging a little, and he can see his hips moving ever so slightly. He snickers.

“Are you rubbing against the bed?”

Dream’s movement stops for a second. His smile widens into something between guilty and playful, before he laughs aloud and rolls his hips down into the mattress in a much more exaggerated motion.

“You’re hot, I can’t help it.” His expression is jokey, and George fights the urge to roll his eyes.

In lieu of a response, George tightens his grip on Dream’s hair and tugs him down, trying to get him to go back to what he was doing.

Dream closes his eyes and takes him back into his mouth, continuing like he never stopped. George pets over his hair as he goes, the action encouraging for Dream, but mostly done just to ground himself. He notices Dream’s hip movements slowing to just tiny, idle little presses as he instead focuses just on George, and he feels warm affection settle in his chest.

He’s already quickly overwhelmed again, and he can’t help the jerk of his hips upward. He’s about to apologise, but Dream lets out an appreciative hum and pulls back a bit so that he’s only holding the tip in his mouth. George sees Dream’s eyes open, watching him fix him a glance that seems to read ‘*go on.*’

The fingers in his hair grip once more, and George gently thrusts up into Dream’s mouth. Green eyes flutter shut again, a quiet, appreciative hum leaving him. George feels it vibrate against him, and he thrusts his hips up again, his mouth falling open as he lets out soft pants.

He’s glad that Dream is not only allowing him to move, but is actively encouraging it now. His whole body still bristles with the aftershocks of the tickling, and being allowed to chase his pleasure feels heavenly.

“This is okay?” He breathes as he continues pressing up into Dream’s mouth.

Dream hums again his agreement, and George lets his own eyes fall shut. He’s not going to last long, he never does when Dream lets him set the pace, and his breathing starts to shallow. He’s not

harsh with his thrusts, not pressing in all the way and keeping his pace slow.

His hips tire pretty quick, and he groans, letting them fall back to the bed. Instead of jerking upward, he uses the hand in Dream's hair to pull him down, and yeah, this is way easier. The noise Dream lets out as his head is tugged languidly up and down is *so* hot, George thinks, a soft, happy, desperate noise murmured around the cock in his mouth.

If he wanted to, George could be rougher, he could yank Dream down onto his dick fast and hard, and he knows Dream would let him and enjoy it. He *could*, but his current lazy drags are more than enough. He's sensitive enough as it is, any harsher of a pace and he'd be crying out in overstimulation. Embarrassing, sure, but it's not like it's his fault.

Dream's mouth tightens around him, and he gasps. Consistent little noises fall from George's parted lips and his hand tightens in Dream's hair, drawing the sweetest whine out of him.

"I'm close, should I-" His voice cracks into a moan, cutting off his sentence.

He doesn't seem to need to finish, though, because Dream starts moving his tongue, rubbing at the underside of George's dick as he's pulled up and down. George would usually pull him off, so as not to finish in his mouth, but the way Dream starts helping out and sucking in his cheeks has his head tipping back and his eyes screwing shut.

Just as his noises start getting pitchy, as they do when he's right on the edge, both of Dream's hands come to his waist. George cries out as fingers start scribbling quickly at his sides, tickling him ruthlessly right off the bat.

The surprise has him shaking, the hand threaded through Dream's locks twisting surely painfully and pushing him down so his nose is pressed against his stomach. His hips buck unintentionally as he writhes under the sensations and he cums, laboured, choked laughter falling from his mouth.

It's so much, so *strange*. Dream's mouth is so wet and warm, so fucking perfect, and that mixed with the tingly, buzzing of his nerves as his whole body shudders... it's different. It's *good*, so good, he feels out of control of his senses in the best way, his frame shaking while he can't stop laughing.

He lets go of Dream's hair and drops flat on his back on the bed, squirming as he's tickled through his orgasm. His knees come up, legs attempting to shut but instead he just ends up trapping

Dream's head between his thighs. Dream doesn't seem to mind too much, because he bobs his head on his own now that he's not being held down, working him through it.

"No, no more, no more," George tries, voice barely a whisper through his laughter. "No more,"

Dream pulls off of him slowly, and his fingers stop their assault. His hands move to instead rub soothingly over his waist, pressure firm and loving. George brings his legs back down to the bed, muscles aching a little from all his twitching and tensing. He feels Dream lay his head on his thigh, and he can both feel and hear his short, panting breaths after an audible swallow.

"I love you."

George smiles. Dream always does this; says '*I love you*' right after they do something intimate, as if he thinks George needs reassurance or something, and he always finds it endearing. He doesn't *need* it, but he appreciates it anyway.

"Mm, love you, too." He murmurs, still coming down. He feels exhausted, both physically and mentally.

"You did so good. So fucking cute." Dream speaks softly, pressing a kiss to his skin. "Thank you for going along with it."

George tries to laugh, but in his still out of breath state, it comes out as more of a cough.

"Stop thanking me, idiot."

"Well I don't want you to think I'm weird!"

George brings one of his hands up to the collar of his shirt, holding on to it and using it to fan himself. He's only wearing a top, but now that he's got nothing else distracting him, he can feel how hot he's gotten.

"I can't really think you're weird for it when I came from it." He laughs at the bluntness of his own words.

Dream laughs with him, his hands squeezing at George's sides. "True, true, you'd be a hypocrite."

He drops the fabric in his hand, and lifts his arms above his head to stretch, back arching off of the bed. God, he's tense. He should make Dream give him a massage, he thinks fleetingly, dropping back down to the bed.

"You want me to do anything?" He asks, shakily sitting up a bit to look at Dream.

"Huh?"

George's gaze flicks between Dream's head and his back. "Want me to help you out? You didn't... yeah."

Dream's eyebrows furrow for a split second before he catches on, laughing gently. "Oh, uh, it's fine."

"You sure?"

"You look tired." He presses a final kiss to George's thigh before letting go of George's waist and lifting his head.

"I am."

Dream lifts himself up, awkwardly shifting to sit up on his knees, still between George's legs. He arches his back, wincing, and tilts his head side to side.

"God, being in that position for that long hurts."

George smiles a little guiltily. "Sorry."

"No, it's fine!" Dream hurries, hands grabbing at George's knees and squeezing. "I don't mind."

It's so cute, George thinks, how quick Dream is to make sure he doesn't feel at fault. He kind of wants to laugh, lips pressing together to try and keep a straight face and ultimately failing.

"Don't laugh, what's wrong with you?!" Dream smiles despite his words.

"I'm not!" He counters, definitely laughing.

George stretches one final time, before moving to sit up, his shirt falling back down at the motion, and mirroring Dream's position. Sat back on his calves, too, he snuffles forward so that they're facing each other, knees just about touching. He holds out both of his hands, palms up, and smiles when Dream holds them with his own.

He brings Dream's hands up to his face and presses a kiss to the back of each one.

"Let me help you out?"

Dream rubs his thumb across George's skin. "I thought you were tired?"

"Mhm, yeah," He pulls at Dream's right hand, moving it so he's resting his hand on George's clothed waist. His own, now free, left hand goes to Dream's thigh. "I'm awake enough, though. I want to help."

Dream tuts, shaking his head playfully. "I *guess* you can, if you *want* to."

Smiling wider, George lifts himself a little on his knees and leans forward, capturing Dream's lips in a kiss. He feels Dream smile into it, too, and he slides his hand up Dream's thigh, resting near the top and pinching the fabric of his sweats between his fingers.

Dream tilts his head a fraction, slotting their mouths together better, and George hums into it. He licks at Dream's lower lip, happy when Dream gets the obvious hint and deepens their kiss. He decides to waste no time, and moves his hand over between Dream's legs, palming over him gently.

The hand at his waist squeezes at the same time as Dream sucks in a breath, Dream's other hand untangling itself from George's to also hold onto George's side.

"Why are you this hard?" George teases, pulling back only slightly to talk.

"What... what do you expect me to say to that?" Annoyed confusion laces Dream's tone, and George barks out a loud laugh, having to lean back some more.

"I'm only joking," He snickers, his right hand coming up to rest on Dream's shoulder. "It's just because you hadn't been touched or anything yet, it's funny."

"Funny?" Dream's frown is clearly forced, obvious in the way the corners of his lips quirk.

George responds only by pressing harder against his dick, gripping him through his clothes. He watches Dream's face, satisfaction washing over him as Dream closes his eyes and tips his head back a little. He fixes his gaze on Dream's throat, his mouth feeling dry as he watches his Adam's apple bob when he swallows.

He wants to bite him, the idea of sinking his teeth into the side of Dream's neck too good to resist, so he does. George leans forward, nuzzling his face into Dream's warm skin before nipping ever so lightly at where his neck meets his shoulder.

"That feels good," Dream sighs, low and quiet.

George smiles against his skin and nips at him again, a little higher. He presses a wet kiss to the place he bit, rubbing his fingers over the tip of Dream's cock, and he feels it jump beneath his clothes.

"It's hot, when I can feel it twitch like that." His voice comes out muffled where he's still pressed against his skin.

Dream huffs out a laugh. "Yeah?"

"Mhm."

He grips him again, rubbing over him a couple more times before dipping his hand under the waistband of his sweats to grasp him properly. Dream shivers as he strokes him, and George can feel his fingers tapping against his waist where Dream isn't quite sure what to do with himself.

Dream feels heavy in his hand, and George kind of wants to return the favour and blow him too. He licks over Dream's neck, sucking at a spot for a moment as he considers it, before ultimately deciding against it. He's too tired, and he likes having his head this close to Dream's; it means he's able to hear and feel the changes in his breathing patterns as he jerks him off.

Maybe later, he thinks, when he's not so sleepy.

George moves on from that spot before he can make a mark too visible, kissing up to his jaw, then over his cheeks all the way to catch his mouth. Dream kisses him back with enthusiasm, and George tries to find a good balance of focusing on his hand on Dream's dick, and focusing on kissing.

He tries to mimic the ways he's seen Dream do to himself when he gets off, hand squeezing a little at the base and twisting his wrist on his upstroke. Every now and then he'll stop to play with the head, and he seems to be doing a good job because Dream's kisses get more clumsy.

He keeps it up, biting softly at Dream's lower lip every now and then, pressing their tongues together.

"Is this good?" He whispers against Dream's mouth when he can tell that he's getting close.

"Yeah, yeah,"

"I'm glad."

Dream is clearly trying to keep his breathing steady, and failing, which George finds so adorable. He relishes in the way Dream is kind of just panting against his lips, just letting George kiss and lick at his mouth as much as he likes.

He feels Dream's tip leak, and he stops his actions for a moment to rub at his slit with his thumb,

playing with the wetness. Dream pouts at that, his hips shifting a little to try and get him to carry on.

When he doesn't immediately comply, the fingers at George's waist start daring to tickle him again, slowly and lightly tapping.

"Hey." George warns, moving away from Dream's mouth to kiss over his cheek.

"What's the issue?" Dream acts coy, and George feels his cheek lift with his smile.

"If you do that, I might end up hurting you."

He squeezes at Dream's dick as an example. He doesn't *want* to hurt him, but he knows that if Dream starts tickling him again, he'll probably be unable to control it if he accidentally grabs him too hard.

"Aw, but I like hearing you laugh." Dream pouts again, over exaggerated.

George thinks on it for a second, before resuming his motions of his hand. "Okay, but only a little bit, so I don't, like, accidentally crush you or something."

Dream's hands immediately slip under his shirt, and George's back arches on impulse as he's touched ever so barely. It's weird, getting someone off while also being tickled, but he manages, burying his face in Dream's neck and giggling softly.

It's not enough to have him overwhelmed, thank god, just enough to make him squirm a little, and he moves his hand quicker over Dream's cock. As hands glide up to his ribs, George yelps, a strained laugh leaving him as he tries to focus on what he's supposed to be doing. Dream seems to enjoy that, because he lets out a soft groan, his dick twitching once more in George's hand.

"Are you- *aha*- Are you seriously getting off on," It's hard to talk properly around his giggles. "On-me laughing?"

Dream laughs with him. "Maybe. I dunno."

“Freak.”

He should’ve expected the way Dream immediately started tickling him more in retaliation, and his laughter grows higher in pitch. He writhes in Dream’s grip, the hand that rests Dream’s shoulder gripping hard to try and ground himself.

His hand on Dream’s dick falters slightly, and Dream must take that as a cue to let up a little, because he goes back to slow and more bearable touches. George smiles to himself, getting back on track and working his hand quickly as Dream’s breathing starts to stutter.

Dream’s hips jerk up into his fist, and the hands at his waist stop tickling all together to instead just hold him tight, squeezing and digging his nails into the soft flesh. It kind of hurts, but George doesn’t mind, he can’t mind when Dream is letting out the most adorable little noises right by his ear, quiet little pants and soft moans.

“Ah, *fuck*, George, fuck,”

Dream’s voice is breathy just as he cums, and George happily strokes him through it, feeling his release drip down his fingers. He presses soft kisses up Dream’s throat, feeling it against his lips when he swallows, and up to his chin.

His hand slows as Dream comes down, dragging it out for him as much as he can with lazy rubs of his thumb over the head and languid, loose strokes. He stops only when he hears Dream make an uncomfortable whine, pulling his hand out of Dream’s clothes to rest on his thigh.

Kisses get pressed to George’s own jaw as Dream nuzzles at him, before burying his head in his neck while he calms down. He moves the hand at Dream’s shoulder to slide up and cradle the back of Dream’s head, fingers playing with his hair

“Love you.” The words are quiet where they’re muttered into George’s skin, but he hears it well enough.

“Love you, idiot.”

He lets Dream lean on him for a moment, before he eventually pulls back. The hands at his waist fall away, and George pulls his own arm back too. He looks down at his left hand where it sits against Dream's leg, wet and messy, and he grimaces.

"Ew." He lifts his hand up to look at it, contemplating for a second.

After looking between his hand and Dream for a moment, he reaches out toward him, going to wipe it off on Dream's hoodie. As expected, Dream leans away, catching his wrist before he can.

"What the hell's wrong with you!" He laughs, disbelief in his tone as he nods in the direction of the nightstand. "There's tissues right there!"

George just laughs with him, pulling out of Dream's grip and shuffling on the bed so he can reach over and grab a tissue. He wipes his hand clean, before balling up the tissue and tossing it at Dream, who dodges it easily and watches it fall to the floor.

"Stop, you're so gross!"

George ignores him, just pulls his t-shirt down over his crotch, now hyper aware of his state of undress. "Pass me my clothes?"

His boxers get flung at him, landing in his lap, and George hurriedly pulls them back on, more comfortable now that he's covered. As he does so, he takes a look at the drawings on his thigh, a lot of them now smudged. He laughs as Dream moves up the bed to sit against the headboard, pulling George with him to sit together.

"Look," George snickers, sitting with his legs out straight. He rolls up the leg of his underwear, poking at his skin. "It's all messed up."

"Makes sense," Dream smiles. George watches Dream's movement as he reaches over him and tugs at the hem of his top, pulling it up and exposing his stomach.

"Oh, woah."

“I expected these to get more smudged, actually.” Dream muses, hands ghosting but not touching over the doodles on George’s abdomen.

“Yeah.”

Some of them are a little more smeared than others, but a lot of them have held up pretty well. The ones closer to his sides look more faded, and George thinks back to what it felt like when Dream was drawing on him.

He’s sleepy, still a bit too warm, but generally comfortable. He considers showering; it’s probably a good idea to clean all of this off, but he kind of feels bad, not wanting to wash away Dream’s work.

“You feeling okay?” Dream’s hand coming up to brush his cheek makes George jump, not expecting it.

“Yeah, I’m just warm.” Despite it, George leans against Dream’s side, head resting on his shoulder. “Are you alright?”

“Mhm.”

“You sure?”

Dream’s arm wraps its way around George’s shoulder, and George relaxes. This is nice. He’s more than happy to chill like this for a little while before getting up and continuing with his day. He brings his knees inward, curling up and getting comfy.

“Just embarrassed.”

“*You’re* embarrassed?!” George scoffs. Dream’s stupid, he thinks, getting embarrassed when he was the one putting George in the embarrassing situation.

“Yeah!” Dream pouts, defensive. “You’re gonna make fun of me and, like, bring this shit up at weird times.”

“I would never.”

“You *will*. Oh my god,” The arm around George’s shoulder tightens, hugging him in closer.
“You’re gonna be so annoying about this.”

George lays his arm over Dream’s stomach, cuddling in closer. He laughs quietly.

“Should’ve thought about that, before you started tickling me.” He places a chaste kiss to Dream’s shoulder. “You act like you’re not also going to make fun of me. Stop being a baby.”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever, George..”

Dream trying to sound mad never works, and George just smiles to himself as he drops it for now.

He *is* going to tease Dream about this, though, that’s just a fact that they both know. He’s not sure if Dream getting off on tickling him is something Dream already knew about himself, or if this was a spur of the moment discovery just like George himself is having, but either way he’s excited to poke fun at him for this later.

Even if he knows it’ll just end with Dream tickling him some more in retaliation, it’s not like he’ll be too against it. Clearly.

End Notes

...hope u enjoyed !!!! please lmk what u think!! :D comments truly make my day!!!

feels a bit weird posting this bc its fully just 22k words of a kink tht only i care about lmao
pls its embarrassing lol

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!